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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

1988 Vol 24 No 2
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COVER GIRL
SAM FOX

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View From The Top

Video

Emmanuelle override

The Wright stuff

THE FRENCH WAY What's the difference between Emmanuelle and the Eiffel Tower? Well, not everybody's been up the Eiffel Tower... Oh well, please yourself. Putting aside the old jokes for a minute let's get a good eiffel of the screen's very latest Emmanuelle, played by the very delightful Monique Gabrielle in the imaginatively named **Emmanuelle 5** (Vestron Video), a film which is hotter than a double strength vindaloo and just as likely to make you want to nip into the little boy's room afterwards for a spot of relief.

It kicks off when our ever-willing heroine arrives in Cannes for a festival screening of her latest triumph, *Love Express*, and is mobbed by screaming film fans who want to see what their idol looks like in the flesh. 'Get yer gear off,' chant the cosmopolitan crowd, and when she doesn't they move in mob-handed to take the shirt off her back (they must be holidaying income tax collectors). This of course is a traumatic experience for erotic Em, who is forced to streak off along the Croisette wearing nothing more than a silly grin and a whiff of Chanel Number 5.

It is in this vulnerable condition that she runs into Charles Foster, the handsome son of one of the richest men in the world, and a chap so loaded with filthy lucre that he can even afford to go shopping in Oxford Street. He whisks our heroine aboard his million dollar yacht, stokes her up with the finest champagne and caviar, and pops the immortal question: 'Fancy a spot of horizontal jogging, ducks?' Melting beneath his sophisticated charm, Emmanuelle jumps in feet first for a quick run through of favourite Kama Sutra sextracts, culminating in the ever popular 68 position – you do me and I'll owe you one.

But any devotee of this long-running series knows that it takes more than one man to keep Emmanuelle happy. She's still involved in the quest for true sexual satisfaction (something that has eluded her ever since she wore out the entire Harlem Globetrotters basketball team). Yes, they say the course of true love never runs smooth, and Em's love life has been a regular Krypton Factor endurance test. And though Charles initially looks like a good bet, she doesn't know he is a hopeless gambler, and when he proposes by saying 'Marry me and I'll never look at another horse' she

Video

completely misunderstands him, running off to a far-eastern island and finding consolation in the position of head harem girl for Rajid, the well-endowed ruler there. Will Charles follow and plight his troth once more (the filthy beast)? And more importantly, if he does and she accepts, will Rajid still make her work one week in hand? All these questions and more are answered in the knob-throbbing final scenes that will surely play havoc with your horizontal hold.

Now I know that some guys like tender young virgins but as far as I'm concerned you can give me a mature older woman every time. Actually, I'd be grateful if you'd give me *any* woman, but preferably it would be one like Sylvia Kristel, the ravishing heroine of the Emmanuelle series who turns up minus most of her clothes in Network Distribution's **Julia**, a tale of passion and some pretty heavy-duty groping amid the splendours of the French countryside. The name has been changed, but otherwise sultry Sylvia is her usual uninhibited self getting up to all sorts of naughties with a wealthy group of pleasure-seeking froggies. The slim story concerns itself with fellow guest Terry Torday's initiation into that first hot flush of womanhood, a ritual presided over by the delectable Miss Kristel, who finally scores on the tennis court in a way that will have most male viewers calling for new balls (a good joke is worth repeating again and again, eh Dick? – *Ed*). I must confess that watching it gave me the appetite to have a bit of a knock-about myself.

And finally we come to **The Secrets Of My Diary** (Network Distribution), a far from choice package of video scandal served up lukewarm by beautiful blonde Fiona Wright, the 'five times a night' bimbo who went to bed with the boss of Burtons and then rather appropriately fitted him up by spilling the beans to the tabloids about his unhealthy obsession with Maggie Thatcher's bum (so what's so wrong with talking about Dennis?). This opportunistic young lady has now made a kiss and tell video in which she prances round in exotic lingerie and witters on about the contents of her famed secret diaries, why she wrote them, and who she wrote about. The end result is an hour long tape that's about as dramatic and compelling as your average episode of *Neighbours*. Fiona may reveal all about her love life, but she keeps her naughty bits under wraps, allowing the video to get by with a measly 15 certificate. Still, if you just want to buy some sexy undies there is a better selection on display here than you'll find at your local branch of Burtons.

– Richard Hedd

Wright-on, baby!

Films

Ringers-pull

DEAD GOOD

David Cronenberg, he of the bizarre medical obsessions, is really in the big league since his gruesome remake of *The Fly*. Now comes **Dead Ringers**, his filmic version of a thoroughly bizarre novel called *Twins*, to tickle the pus-laden palates of his fans. Great. But there's a problem: *Dead Ringers* is quite possibly the most uncommercial big budget movie I've ever seen. Diehard Cronenberg followers will love it, but those punters expecting A Big Nasty Horror Film are going to be mightily puzzled.

The plot goes like this: these identical twin gynaecologists (I kid you not) are in the habit of sharing everything – girlfriends, work, patients – because nobody can tell 'em apart. The smooth one seduces the women and then the shy one gets his end away. It's a seamless ploy. All goes well until they meet this dopefiend actress who has three entrances to her womb (!). The soppy one starts supplying her with drugs, and ends up hopelessly hooked, infatuated and insanely jealous. With me so far? Good. At this point things begin to get *really* sick.

Our loopy junkie doc gets an *avant garde* sculptor to make him a set of seriously perverse 'surgical instruments for operating on mutant women', and proceeds to put them to practical use at the local hospital. Time for the sensible brother to attempt a rescue of his mad, bad twin, with stomach-turning consequences for everyone concerned...

On paper, *Dead Ringers* sounds absurd, and yet in truth it's Cronenberg's most satisfying film to date, aided by the performance of Jeremy Irons (as both twins – the screen trickery is stunning) and Genevieve Bujold. A twisted blend of sex, drugs, surgery, bondage and madness, it's probably too damn sophisti-

Dead cert

Words

cated and downright odd to please the *Rambo*-mad mass audience, however.

Call me pretentious, but I reckon *Dead Ringers* is too bloody good to make the big time. ***– Oliver Haddo***

MOONSTRUCK

Short of nuclear holocaust or Dolly Parton getting her tits out, nothing will stop Michael Jackson's **Moonwalker** being the film to put most bums on seats in early '89. At times the work of a man completely out of his tree and at others an almost god-like fusion of music and dance, *Moonwalker* fearlessly treads where few movies have gone before, allowing Jackson to go on a shopping spree of indulgences – the flashiest car, the mini-rocket, the special effects nicked from *Robocop* – while asking for little more than some neat shimmies on an 11-minute version of his single *Smooth Criminal*.

Jacko's off

A bit too Off The Wall and egocentric for some, Jackson fans will be wetting themselves as he raises the single-gloved hand to the skies and struts his stuff like he's been jabbed in the arse by a huge hypodermic. Largely an extended music video, then, with a strong anti-drug message and not so much pandering to the kids as crawling to them. Imagine Cliff Richard in *Star Wars* and you're close to the mark. Not *BAD*, though.

– Jonathan Richards

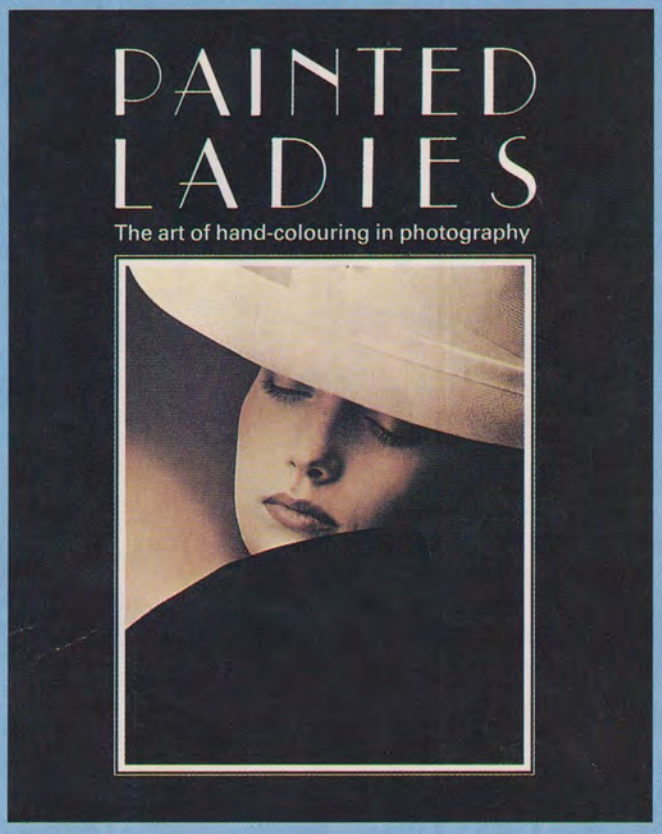
HOT PAINTS

James Wedge (it says here) is the leading exponent of hand-coloured photographs, and **Painted Ladies** (Dragon's World, £14.95 h/b, £7.95 p/b) is a snazzy collection of his tinted shots of throbbing women. Originally, hand-colouring was the method used in the days of yore to overcome the limitations of monochrome snaps; these days it's an art form in its own right, and *Painted Ladies* is proof that it works.

The pictures range from fake nostalgic to bizarre to fashion and advertising images, and Wedge complements them with technical details and hints for the buddng lensperson who is keen to try the process for his or her self. The only snag as far as this viewer is concerned is that the pix are so darned clever-clever that they kill any sexiness that the girls in them may possess.

One for the Nikon chorus to drool over. The rest of us can safely stick to *Penthouse*.

– Eric Stenbock



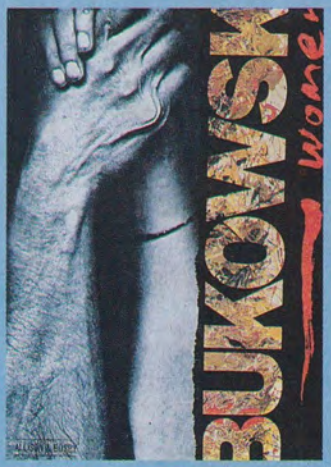
WIMMIN!

There's something rather depressing about **Women** (Allison & Busby, £4.99), Charles Bukowski's fictitious tale of 'a life lived on the edge' by Henry Chinaski. Chinaski is a low-life writer and full-time alcoholic who, for no explicable reason, having not slept with a woman for four years suddenly has a succession of girls all dying to get into his pants, despite the fact that he's fifty years old, a total slob and has an alcohol problem that would put Oliver Reed to shame.

First there's Lydia, followed by Lilly, and then a whole host of birds who come and go, all of whom are in their twenties and provide Chinaski with some light relief from the rigours of writing and guzzling. It sure is a hard life. The problem is, would you want to read about it? For while Chinaski might find this repetitive routine vaguely interesting, the reader is likely to find it all a mite tedious. After a few chapters of bonking and drinking, the saga just repeats itself as Bukowski attempts to elevate Chinaski's status to the level of wasted genius.

So why is anyone likely to be tempted by this theme? Well, my theory is that everyone loves a baddie, from lovable sporting rogues such as Alex Higgins and George Best through to such musical rascals as Keith Richards and Lou Reed. People are attracted by something risqué and dangerous, though most prefer to spectate from a safe distance while established characters take all the risks. Likewise, some may be entertained by the accounts of Chinaski eroding his liver as well as his knob, but ultimately the book is as pointless and directionless as Chinaski's very lifestyle. It also says absolutely nothing about the central theme itself – women.

– Kirk Blows



Scene

Can we have the top down?

PUSSY POWER

Somewhat more exciting than a Mini Mayfair, the **TVR Penthouse S** is the latest limited edition model from this exclusive British sports car manufacturer.

Very much a traditional sportster, the Penthouse S is front engined, rear wheel drive, fully convertible and blessed with an impressive power to weight ratio with handling to match. Powered by a 2.9 litre V6 (a development of the Ford Scorpio unit) which pushes out 168bhp, it has a top whack of 140mph and a time to 60 of just 6.8 seconds. A standing quarter takes it up to 98mph.

A two seater convertible, the bodywork of the Penthouse S is, like the majority of the cars which have left the Blackpool factory over the last 40 plus years, constructed of non-ferrous materials. The result is a car that is very lightweight as well as strong and built to last, and of course resistant to the ravages of winter weather. And when the weather does turn bad TVR's unique three-position drophead hood keeps out the elements in a way that so few soft tops ever do. Its clever construction enables you to choose between fully closed, fully open or a 'targa' halfway stage.

The body is mounted on a tubular steel spaceframe chassis with race-derived independent suspension on all four corners. Wishbones, coil springs and powerful telescopic shocks give the Penthouse S a ride which is agile, positive, firm and safe. Braking is servo assisted with ventilated discs at the front, so it'll stop as well as it goes.

And it's got that exclusive name. What more could you want? ***– David Long***

TAKING THE SMITH

Chester might not sound like the sex capital of the Western world, but one hotel there can claim to have more 'Mr and Mrs Smiths' staying with it than any other in Britain. That's because the Plantation Quality Inn is the only hotel in the country offering special weekends catering just for them.

Whether you're married or unmarried, turn up at the door of the Plantation having booked one of their Mr and Mrs Smith weekend breaks and you'll get a rather surprising greeting.

'Good afternoon, Mr and Mrs Smith, congratulations on your wedding!' says the receptionist cheerily. You'll then be handed a piece of paper purporting to be your 'marriage certificate' and shown to your room. Before you survey the double-bedded room with its specially provided soft-centred chocolates, fresh flowers and chilled champagne at the bedside (as well as a mini bar), it's worth taking a quick look at the document that 'makes it all legal'. According to mine I am toupee sales executive Tom Dick Harry Smith who married Cynthia Virginia Pain, a massage therapist, in a service performed by the head chef and the duty manager. It's a silly send-up, of course, and there's more to come.

'Mr and Mrs Smith?' says the voice at the end of the phone (you inherit the name for the duration of the weekend). 'Would you like dinner in your room?'

If you say yes you're presented with a 'Rude Food' menu lavishly garnished with *double entendres*. After the caviar enjoy 'well-hung pheasant', with 'broadminded beans' followed by a 'ripe pear', an 'exotic tart' or blancmange with cream and cherries shaped like... Well, I'm sure you can guess.

The idea of the Mr and Mrs Smith weekend was Paul Fletcher's, the hotel manager. As

Sin bin

owner of the hotel, which is part of the Quality International chain, he decided that a romantic break would be a winner. But how many of his customers are genuine unmarried 'Mr and Mrs Smiths'?

'I don't know, we never ask. It's for anyone looking for a fun weekend for two. Oddly enough, it's incredibly popular with couples who are really called Mr and Mrs Smith. They get fed up with everyone giggling and nudging them in the ribs at other hotels, so they come here where everyone is called Smith.'

Doesn't everyone having the same surname cause organisational problems?

'Yes, rather,' said Fletcher. 'You can't put messages over the tannoy. We have to refer to people by their room number.'

So is the Plantation a hotbed of sin and depravity? I suppose it could be if you choose to make it so. All the hotel provides is an amusing no-questions-asked format and a splendid location for those prepared to join in the joke. And at £95 each it's good value too. For further information contact Quality International, Piccadilly House, 33 Regent Street, London SW1Y 4NB (tel: 01-439 4955) or the hotel itself on (0244) 374100. The Mr and Mrs Smith weekend is just one of a series they offer from 'Yuppie Breaks' to ghost hunting, motor racing and clay pigeon shooting. Paul Fletcher is currently considering a 'Sell Your Wife' weekend. Sounds fascinating...

– Jim Forrest

PENTHOUSE LETTERS

Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become property of *Penthouse*. Send to *Penthouse*, Northern & Shell Building, PO Box 381, London E14 9TW. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Beat This

I simply had to write to you and relate my experiences/concerns. I am an attractive, married, comfortably off thirty-four year old woman. Until recently I thought I was happily married and had everything that I wanted. That was before Geoff. Geoff is my immediate superior at the office where I work and after he had been in the job for a while I suddenly realised that I was becoming attracted to him. I had never been unfaithful to my husband and prior to my marriage had only been to bed with two other men.

I could tell Geoff was interested in me but declined his invitations out to dinner as I did not want to rock the boat of my safe marriage and risk my general security. However, at the office Xmas party I succumbed to his charms (only to the extent of a snog and fondle) and agreed, shortly after the holidays, to go out with him. My husband often stays away at nights on business so this was no problem and after going out to dinner several times Geoff and I went to bed together and embarked upon an affair. Nothing unusual in that, you might think. However, I realised just how dull my sex life had been previously and Geoff made me rediscover my womanhood. On the fourth occasion we made love I was on top of him giving him what for and as we both entered the final strait to our climaxes he suddenly gave my bottom one hell of a smack and another and another etc, until, writhing in pain and pleasure, I screamingly climaxed. I was shocked that the slaps had had such an effect on me as no one had ever done this to me before. As we lay in each other's arms afterwards I quizzed Geoff about it. He told me he quite often did this to women and that it usually had the same effect. He then went on to tell me that he fantasised about spanking women and caning them and he thought that this was attributable to his public school days when he was beaten a lot. I was amused at first but then became rather excited by it and asked him if he would like to spank me. He said that he had wanted to spank and screw me ever since the first time he set eyes on my gorgeous arse.

Anyway, to cut a long story short, nothing more came of it the next week. In fact Geoff was rather stony with me at the office and I put this down to embarrassment on his behalf about my knowing his secrets. My husband was to be away on the Thursday and Friday of that week and after a boring love-making session on Tuesday night I decided I was going to get Geoff back come what may.

On the Thursday I really dolled myself for work, putting on a figure-hugging black dress, skimpy lace bra and panties and sheer black seamed stockings with suspenders, all topped off with high heeled black suede shoes. I could see Geoff taking in my sultry appearance but he still largely ignored me so I started being a little flirtatious with one of the other men in the office and went out to lunch with him, returning all giggly on his arm. I could see G. was narked. We are usually the last to leave the office as we hold the most senior positions and I was just picking up my coat and bag (reluctantly) when he called me into his office.

I was frosty at first but soon realised that he meant business and felt a heat between my legs. He closed the door behind me and asked me why I had been flirting with Robert. I said that he hadn't been showing much interest in me all week and that I needed a man. I was shocked to hear him curtly order me to take off my dress and asked him if he was going to screw me. His reply sent a red hot shiver right through my body because he said that he was going to spank me, very hard. 'Oh, are you?' I teased, playing up to him a bit, and made to leave the room. His shout shocked me. 'Take off that dress and go and bend over the desk!' I didn't need telling again; he scared me a bit.

I seductively removed my dress and took great delight in watching his eyes rove lustfully over my black lace and silk clad body. I obediently walked over to the desk and cheekily leant over it a little, asking him sarcastically if that was how he wanted me. The edge in his voice shocked me as he told me to stand fully astride, which I duly did. It felt tremendously sexy with my stockings and suspenders pulled taut over

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LETTERS

my mature rounded thighs and my vagina gaping open and ready for him. To my surprise he took off his tie, took another tie from his desk drawer and bound my ankles to the desk legs, which were over a yard apart. Bondage as well, I thought! He then removed his thin belt, took hold of my wrists, and after pulling me forward tied them to the handle of the drawer on the other side of the desk. I was bound to please!

I didn't know who might be looking into the room, because as I looked at my reflection in the mirror behind his desk I could see that the blinds on the large office windows were not drawn and I could see the lights of the offices across the road. If I could see them...

I was tremendously excited but absolutely horrified when I heard the office front door bell ring. 'My God!' I thought. 'He'll have to untie me and let me dress, very quickly.' He did no such thing. As cool as a cucumber he walked out to answer it with me left there with my bottom stuck right up in the air in my underwear ready to receive his ministrations. To my great relief it was only Maggie from the typing pool returned to collect some shopping that she had left. I heard him laughing and joking with her as though nothing out of the ordinary was happening and I got very excited at the thought that I was in here like this with her totally unaware of what was going on.

She left and I heard him close and lock the door and turn the outer office lights off. He returned to where I was and I was relieved to see him draw the blinds before turning off the main room lights, leaving only the small side lights on. The room had a thrilling warm intimacy and he was completely silent; he just stood behind me, taking in my black seamed, spread legs, the expanse of white above them and the black lace tightly drawn across my bottom and the encased love hole below. He calmly walked round to the front of the desk, getting himself a whisky as he went. He drew back the chair in front of me, sat down and looked straight into my eyes. He then put his finger under my chin, lifted my head slightly and gave me a long, deep, sexy kiss on my bright red lips.

He withdrew and told me that he was going to teach me never to flirt with anyone else in the office ever again. He then reached behind my back, undid my bra, let it fall from my shoulders and fondled my hanging tits. I was in ecstasy, soaking wet for him. He got up. My time had obviously come, because he walked round to behind me and started stroking my buttocks. My hips were beginning to move to the rhythm of expected sex as his hand roamed over my thighs, over the stocking tops and, quickly, between the cheeks of my arse. He slowly slipped his finger under the lace of my panties stretched over one buttock and drew it up so that the material felt tight up the crack of my bottom. He did the same with the other side and it felt absolutely gorgeous having them pulled tight thus over my vagina and into the gaping hole of my anus. My exposed cheeks felt cool and vulnerable.

'Are you going to flirt with Robert again?' he suddenly asked.

At first I was going to instinctively reply that I wouldn't, but quickly thought that that would rather spoil the game. He had one hand in the small of my back, holding me down firmly, and I

> I was in agony and ecstasy, my bottom glowing red hot.

felt his other hand leave my left buttock as he shifted his position slightly. I felt a quick wind on my bottom followed almost directly by an almightly slap. I bucked and screamed, my God it stung. He repeated the question and again I answered that I would if I wanted to. Again the quick wind and an almightly slap, this time on the other buttock. Six more times he begged the question and five more times I refused to give in. I couldn't take any more than that, but I was in for a further surprise because he then told me that now that I had submitted, my real spanking would begin. He went about his task with speed and vigour, the blows raining down on my reddened tender flesh. I screamed and writhed under his palm, my hips bucking away from the blows. I was in agony and ecstasy, my bottom glowing red hot. Finally he stopped and told me that if I ever did it again it would be a caning for me. With that he gave me one last almighty slap, took hold of my knickers and tugged them down so that they were stretched tight under my yaawning vulva.

'Shaft me, you bastard!' I screamed. 'Shaft me!'

I saw him undoing his fly behind me, and taking out his hugely stiff cock he entered me, rock hard immediately. I got the shafting of my life, fast, furious and hard. I arched up my back as I straightened my arms, the front of my thighs bashing the desk as he grabbed my tits and covered my back in little bites. On and on it went, mercilessly. I was covered in sweat and crying out, my knees shaking as I strove to free my ankles from their bindings. He ran his nails up my thighs, ripping the stockings, before he rained stinging blows down onto the writhing flesh and again, for a short time, across my buttocks. Finally we both came to one almighty climax and I felt gallons of red hot sperm shoot up into me. He flopped down onto me, exhausted, and sweetly covered my back with little kisses. I had never known sex like this and being with my husband was a complete bore afterwards.

Sadly, Geoff moved away about six weeks after that, but in those six weeks we had several memorable spanking sex episodes. One was when he, during office hours, told me to come down to the basement with him to sort out some files and then whispered to me to go and take my knickers off first. I had been a little flirtatious with Robert again and when Geoff and I got in the lift and it started its descent he quickly leant me over so that I was leaning on the hand rail, pulled up my summer dress and started slapping my bare bottom over my white stocking tops. I was dreading the lift stopping and someone else getting in, but we were all right for about four floors (about 15 slaps). Then the lift stopped and I had to quickly stand up, pull my dress down and regain my composure, which, standing there flushed, I completely failed to do as the office lad looked puzzledly on.

As soon as we got to the deserted basement Geoff just bent me over right in the middle of the floor, pulled my dress up over my hips and continued where he'd left off before stripping me of everything apart from stockings, taking me around the corner, lifting me off the floor and giving me a shafting against the wall. The other time was when he caned me in a hotel over the back of a big leather chair after I failed to give him good enough head. What a whipping I got that day!

And now I'm in a quandary. No Geoff, no spankings, no good sex. Just boring old hubby. What can I do? I thought I would relate this tale to *Penthouse* because it was Geoff's favourite and always got him nice and hard for me. I don't know where you are, Geoff, but if you read this I should say that since you have been gone I have been very naughty. You know

where I am if you think I should be punished. Please?

S.S.

Hello Little Girl

My wife was away one weekend visiting our daughter and grandchildren so myself and three friends, George, Jack and Henry, were spending the evening at my place having a quiet drink. At about 7 p.m. there was a knock on the door and it was Lucy, the teenage girl from next door wanting to borrow the evening paper.

I had had my eye on her for some time. She was a real cracker. You know the sort, 17 years old and all tit, arse and pussy just waiting for a good rooting. Even at my age my cock used to stand to attention whenever I saw her tits jiggling about as she walked down the road.

I invited her in and offered her a drink. I detected a hopeful look in her eyes when she saw my three friends and when she sat down letting her dress ride high up her thighs to reveal see-through panties and escaping wisps of fanny hair I too had a hopeful look in my eyes.

Someone put on some music so I suggested that she might like to dance with me. It was a slow smoochy number and as I held her to me I let my hands wander down to the back hem of her dress and gently lifted it up so my friends could get a nice view of her bum encased in those revealing panties. There was an animal-like gleam in their eyes as I paraded her arse before them. She knew exactly what I was doing and as she was obviously enjoying it I decided to go further. With one swift movement I had her dress off over her head and was delighted to observe that apart from the panties the little darling didn't have a stitch on.

By now my friends had all got their cocks out and were ready for a bit of fun. Henry and Jack were seated on the settee so I edged her over that way then gently pushed her down between them. I whipped her panties off as I knelt down in front of her and Jack and Henry each took hold of a leg and pulled them wide apart. What a beautiful sight her quim was, so wet and juicy. It seemed to beg me to give it a good shafting. While holding her legs apart Jack and Henry also had access to her titties. They too were pretty spectacular. Not only were they big, and I mean real big, but they were firm with pert nipples that turned upwards and made you crave to get your hands on them. I momentarily forgot my own intentions when I saw my two friends licking, sucking and squeezing those two great tits. I too wanted to get in there and have a mouthful. Then I remembered that I had my very own delicious mouthful right in front of me so I tore my eyes away from the sight above, put my head between her legs and slid my tongue far up into her pussy. It was superb. I used my fingers to part her lips wider then nibbled, sucked and licked until she came in a succession of short bursts, spraying my face with thick, sticky juices.

As I eased myself up to insert my cock into her pussy I noticed George who I thought had been left out of this particular scene. After all, I had her pussy and her two titties were being well taken care of by Henry and Jack. The dirty sod was standing behind the settee with his tool hanging over the back and wanking his load into her mouth.

What a screw that was! She had such a nice tight fanny and you can imagine how much my pleasure was heightened as I screwed away and was

‘The dirty sod was standing behind the settee with his tool hanging over the back and wanking his load into her mouth.’

able to see my friends having such a good time.

I'm afraid me and George, not being in the first flush of youth, were exhausted. It was probably the first time George had had a gobble standing up for years and it was certainly a long, long time since I had experienced such a good screw. We decided to sit the next one out while the other two got their ends away.

Jack stayed on the settee while she got down on the floor on her hands and knees in front of him and took his cock into her mouth. He'd got quite a whopper but she managed to take the lot. Henry went around to her rear where her delicious little arse was sticking up in the air and shafted her from behind.

Despite our exhaustion George and I couldn't resist joining in. We lay on the floor on our backs, one either side of her, and eased ourselves under her titties. The nipples just plopped into our waiting mouths. We were both in seventh heaven as we licked and nibbled at her dangling boobs.

All us old codgers must have looked a right sight on the floor screwing and fondling that naked young girl.

When she left to go home I casually mentioned that my wife would be going away again in about two weeks time. She grinned cheekily at me and said, 'Will you be inviting your friends around that weekend?' Whoopee! It looks as though we've got another good shafting coming up.

W. M., Coventry

Happy Birthday

My name is Kathy. I am a divorced lady aged 38 and I have a daughter called Liz who is 21. My husband left when my daughter was just four years old, so I have brought her up single handed. We have a very warm, close and loving relationship. On the eve of my daughter's 21st birthday I had arranged with a local kissogram company for them to send me a male strippagram, telling them it was for my daughter's coming of age. He was to arrive at my house just before midnight, read out some silly verse or whatever, before doing a full strip.

We were sat together on the sofa watching the late movie, dressed in our nighties and dressing gowns, when the doorbell rang at about ten minutes to midnight.

'I'll go and see who that is,' I said, and went to open the door.

When I opened the door I got a bit of a shock as there were two young men and not one as I expected. One of them spoke. 'Hello. My name's Gary and this is Alan. We've come to do the strippagram.'

'Hello,' I replied. 'I'm sorry if I seem taken aback, only I was expecting one person.'

Gary went on to explain that there was no extra charge for the two of them and that it was just a new idea the company were trying out. They were both in their early twenties, good looking, well built and over six feet tall. I told them that the strippagram was for my daughter's 21st and invited them in.

'Good evening fair maiden,' they said in unison as they walked into the room and saw Liz sitting on the sofa. They beckoned me to sit beside Liz and then proceeded to read out some daft verse congratulating my daughter on her coming of age. We looked at each other and burst out laughing as Liz realised the joke I was playing on her. What neither of us realised was that when they had finished reading their poem, both Liz and myself had to strip them.

'Come fair maids and divest us of our clothes,' said Alan.

'Here, let us help you by removing our shoes and socks,' said Gary.

Both Liz and I sat there not knowing what to do, but the lads did. Alan took my hands and pulled me to my feet.

LETTERS

'Remove my shirt, if you please,' he said, and placed my hand on the top button. I unbuttoned his shirt, tugged it out of his jeans and took it off.

'And you, young lady, can remove mine,' said Gary as he stepped towards the sofa looking at Liz.

'This is your present so you have to unwrap it Liz,' I said. 'Go on, don't be shy.'

Liz got to her feet and managed to rid Gary of his shirt.

Alan then asked me to unbuckle his belt, so I sat back down on the sofa and did as he asked. Then he told me to undo the button and pull down his zip. Meanwhile Gary was asking Liz to do the same for him, which she did.

'Now, madam,' said Alan, 'free me from my denims.'

Liz started laughing, rather nervously I suspect, as I tugged at his jeans. I slipped them to the floor and pulled them off as he stepped out of them. The cord on my dressing gown had become loose with bending down, so that when I straightened up my boobs were hanging over the top of my nightie and out of my gown. Alan was now standing in just a tiny pair of white pants about a foot away from my face and when he saw my boobs like that there was an instant swelling in the front of his underpants. Gary then asked Liz to remove his jeans and with trembling fingers she swiftly yanked them down and pulled them off. Gary had on a pair of red pants and his erection grew rapidly once his jeans were off.

Liz and I were now sat side by side on the sofa looking straight at two young men with rampant erections, me with my boobs exposed and Liz looking flustered.

'The *pièce de resistance*,' said Alan. 'Come, take off these constraints.'

I placed my hands either side of Alan's hips and tucked my fingers into the waistband of his pants. I turned to Liz who was watching intently and slowly eased them down. His prick sprang out. The foreskin was slightly back, exposing the tip of his cock. He was about seven inches long and his balls were covered in fine downy hair. I dropped his pants to the floor where he kicked them away.

Now it was Gary's turn to be exposed. Liz didn't need any encouraging after seeing Alan's prick. She grabbed hold of Gary's pants and pulled them to his knees. His prick was a bit smaller than Alan's but he was circumcised. The large purple head was twitching and Liz sat rivetted. She couldn't keep her eyes off it.

I told Liz to watch this and I asked Alan to come closer. I put out my hands to hold his knob and pulled it level with my face. I then put my right hand round onto his bum and with my left I eased back his foreskin. I gently began to wank him, then wrapped my lips around his shaft and bobbed up and down a few times before withdrawing and just licking his glans.

Gary then stepped towards Liz holding his knob in his hands and pointing it at her face. I told her to go ahead and enjoy herself as these were her presents. I watched as she took hold of Gary's prick, running her hands up and down his shaft, feeling his balls, then back to his prick.

Alan then pulled me to my feet and his mouth came down to mine and his tongue was forcing its way through my teeth. His hand tugged at the cord of my dressing gown and he pulled it open. I felt his hand clasp my bottom and pull me toward him. My crutch was now pressed up against him and my breasts were being squashed into him. We broke from kissing and looked down to see Liz with both hands on Gary's knob slowly wanking him.

My back was banging against the wall and with each thrust his balls were smacking against me.

I could feel Alan's knob pressing into my stomach. His hands went to my shoulders and he slipped my dressing gown off, then my nightie. His mouth was again on mine as his hands moved to my bottom and he lifted me off the floor. I automatically wrapped my legs around his waist. He carried me over to the wall till my back was up against it. His left hand moved from my bum and straight onto my slit. He rubbed up and down once or twice and then slipped a finger inside me. I was so wet and so exposed that it went in easily. I moved my mouth from his and told him I wanted him in me straight away. I brought my right hand down and got hold of his prick. I then relaxed my legs slightly so that I could slip down onto him, guiding his prick to the entrance. He went all the way in and started pumping inside me.

My back was banging against the wall and with each thrust his balls were smacking against me. I dug my nails into his back and nearly bit through his tongue as I reached my climax. Alan gave one or two more jerks then ejaculated inside me. I could feel the hot come spurting out of him flooding my insides.

We stayed locked together for a while, then I could feel his sperm seeping back out past his rapidly shrinking prick and trickling down my leg. I got some tissues and cleaned us both up, then sat on his knee in the armchair while we watched my daughter and Gary perform.

Liz was on her back with Gary licking her out and her legs were up over his shoulders. I could see his tongue licking up and down her slit and then pay particular attention to her hole. His hands were on the inside of her thighs and he was using his thumbs to rub her clitoris. Liz kept thrusting her hips toward him and her mouth was open, moaning softly, while her eyes were tightly shut. I could sense she wasn't far from orgasm and Gary must have realised because he lifted her legs from his shoulders and kept them wide apart as he held her by the ankles. Her legs were straight up in the air and her whole sex organs were on full view.

I got up off Alan's knee and knelt on the floor beside the sofa. I took hold of Gary's knob and ran my fingers around the top. He shuffled forward toward Liz and I placed his knob at her entrance. He gave a slight push and entered her. I held on to him as the head disappeared inside her. He waited a few seconds then pushed some more and I removed my hand. He then withdrew slightly and I could see his knob glistening from Liz's juices. He then pushed it in all the way and started to slowly build up a rhythm as my daughter's body moved with him

Alan joined me on the floor and knelt by Liz's head. She opened her eyes and put out her hand to hold Alan's knob. She wrapped her fingers around it and pulled back the foreskin as far as it would go. Alan lifted her head toward him and Liz clamped her mouth over this knob, closed her eyes and began sucking and wanking him.

It wasn't long before Alan came in her mouth and spunk dribbled down her chin. She gave out a long loud moan, sighed heavily, arched her back and then went all limp. I knew then that she'd climaxed. Gary came almost at the same time, and after a few more thrusts he flopped on top of her. She wrapped her legs around the back of his and slowly opened her eyes. She saw me kneeling there, smiled up at me and said, 'Mum, that's the best birthday present ever.'

Gary and Alan are now regular visitors and we have some fantastic times together.

K. B., West Midlands

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Moore Than Ever

When are we going to see the epitome of the female form? When are we going to see a goddess in your hallowed pages? When are we going to see Sandra Jane Moore?

Mere words cannot sum up how beautiful she really is. She is indescribable. She wasn't born, she is the product of all the male fantasies ever. An ultra-sexy blonde who you will never see, but just thinking about her is more explosive than shagging a million Linda Lusardis and Sam Foxes. She must be an angel who has fallen from Heaven, especially with that orgasmic smile and bouncing blonde hair. No man could ever resist that tempting smile, and I

would die just to kiss those lips.

I have every topless photo ever printed of her but those are not enough. Some colour full frontal pictures are what I really want, and I just can't wait for you to print them. I am sure she would look even more beautiful in colour, so give us Sandra Jane in her full glory now.

M.C, London

Now don't be coy, tell us what you really think. She's one popular gal and we couldn't resist y'all any more, as you'll have seen. Your wrist will be a blur as you turn to page 24 of last month's issue for all you need.

Bottom Of The Market

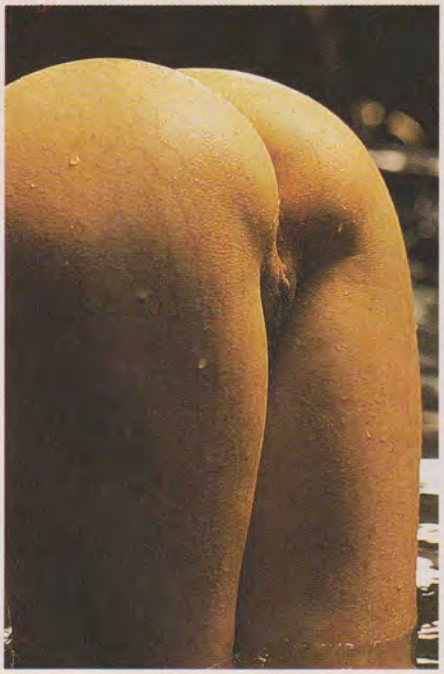
What a bum on page 122! Just sticking up in the air like that all round and womanly and fleshy tight buttocky and inviting. I liked it on the page before too in close-up but it looked more of a rump curving up from that firm back. And all that water around it... Sloshing round her fanny while you roll bollock naked with her in shallow warm water. What an arse! What a derrière! What a lovely pair of curving delights! I had so many handjobs I was raw for a week.

K.C., Kent

PETMAIL

Your letters to our girls and the pictures you've asked to see

Please send your letters to Penthouse Petmail, The Northern and Shell Building, P.O. Box 381, Mill Harbour, London, E14 9TW



It's nice to see we're appealing to a higher class of reader. We traced the part of the anatomy that caused such passion and it belongs to Layla from Iceland (Vol 23 No 11).

Tongue Tied

Some girls you just want to lick and lick and I could lick out Lita Altavera until I wore my tongue out (Pet Of The Month Vol 23 No 11). She looked a really classy maiden and not thick either. I liked her looking back with her mouth opening in ecstasy and me giving it to her with my tongue while she was writhing and all wet. She was the best out the issue but Prince's bird was a horny looking lady as well. What did she see in him? Okay, so he's a sexy millionaire superstar. But beneath such superficialties what's he like as a person and how long is his cock?

G.H., Bath

Lusting At The Hustings

What I like best about *Penthouse* is the features and seeing the girls you get with them. That one in *Sexual Politics* (Vol 23 No 11) on the opening spread I found charming. As someone in public

life who enjoys mentally undressing my female political colleagues I found it all a great deal of fun. One of my favourite fantasies is women in business suits walking along with suspenders and no knickers so *Penthouse* really hit ballseye!

M.H., London

Good to know the country's in capable hands!

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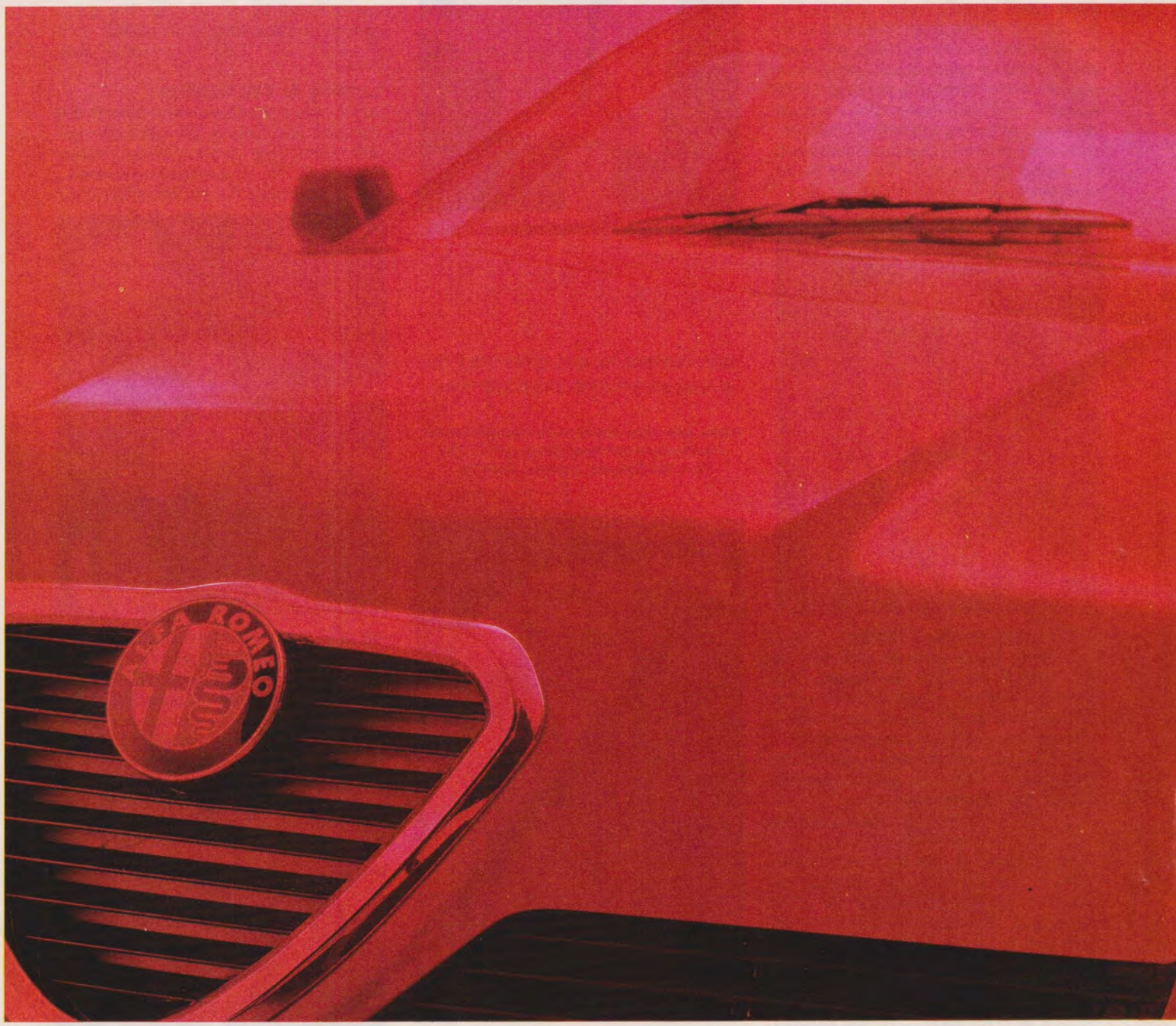

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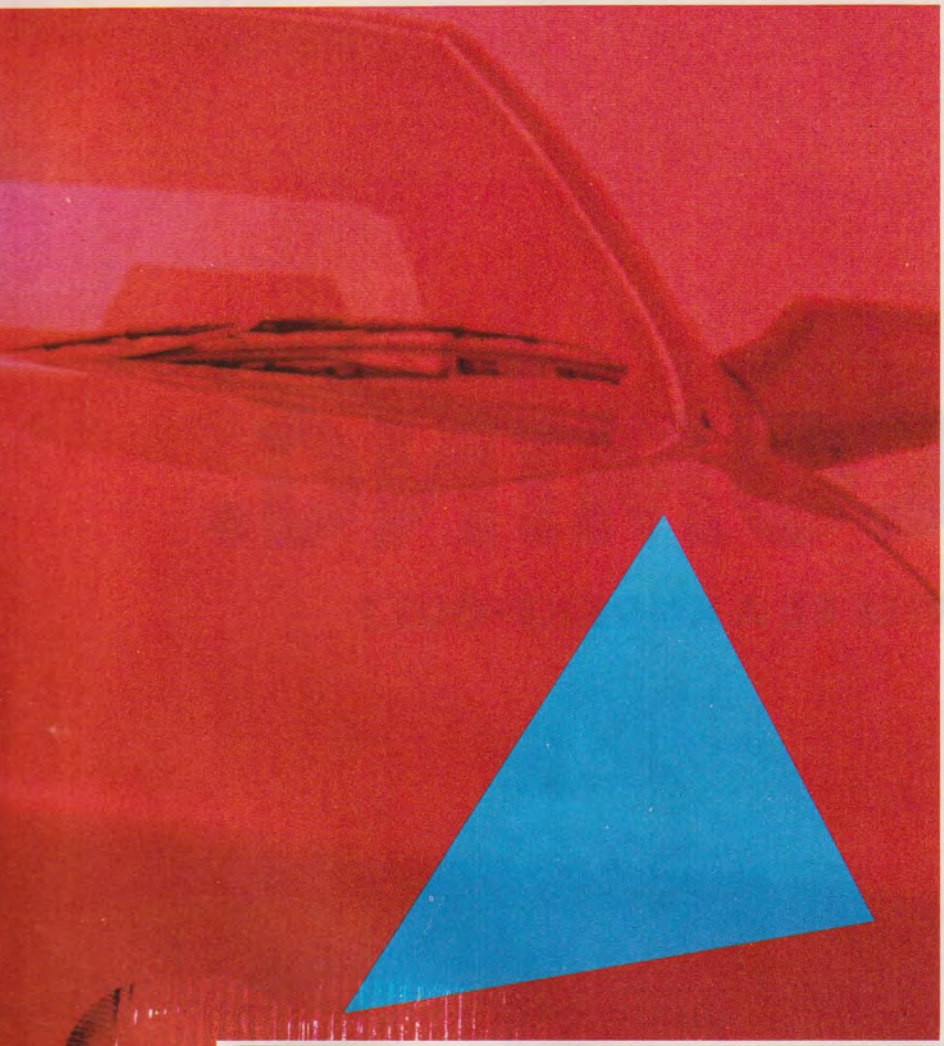

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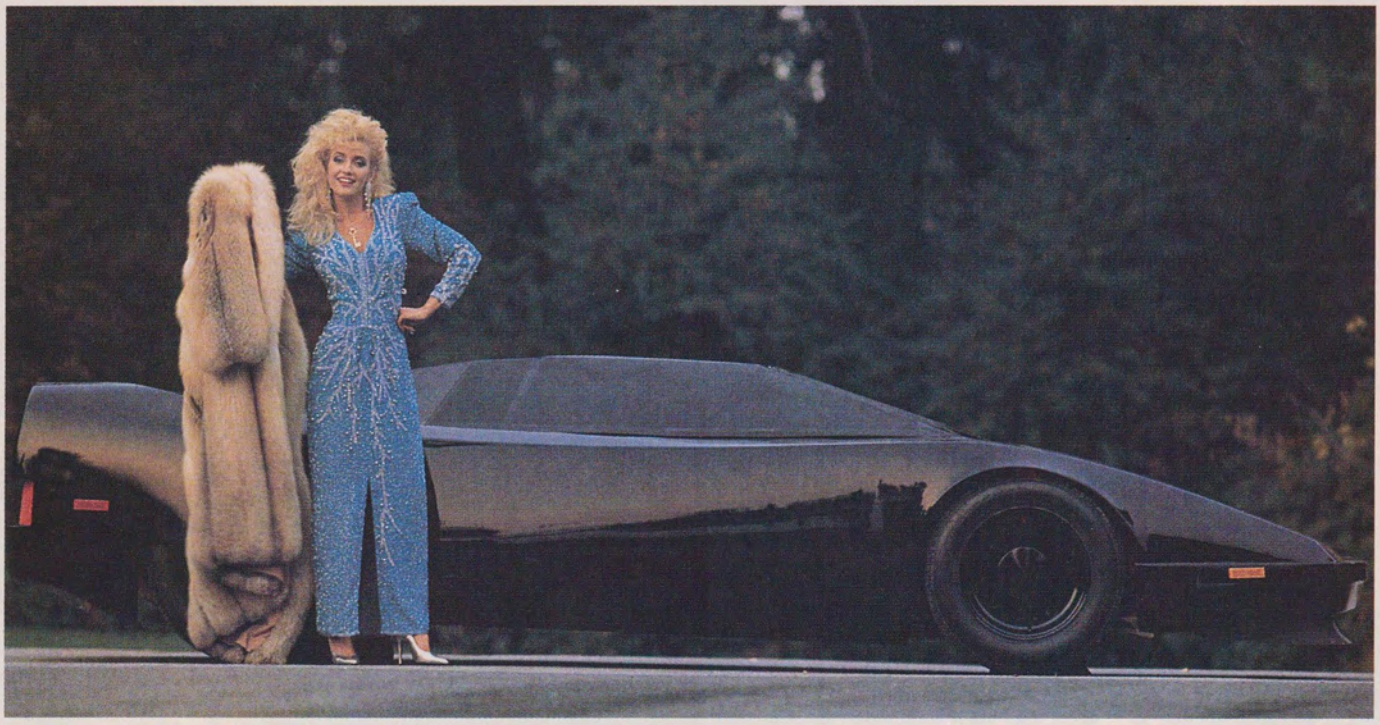
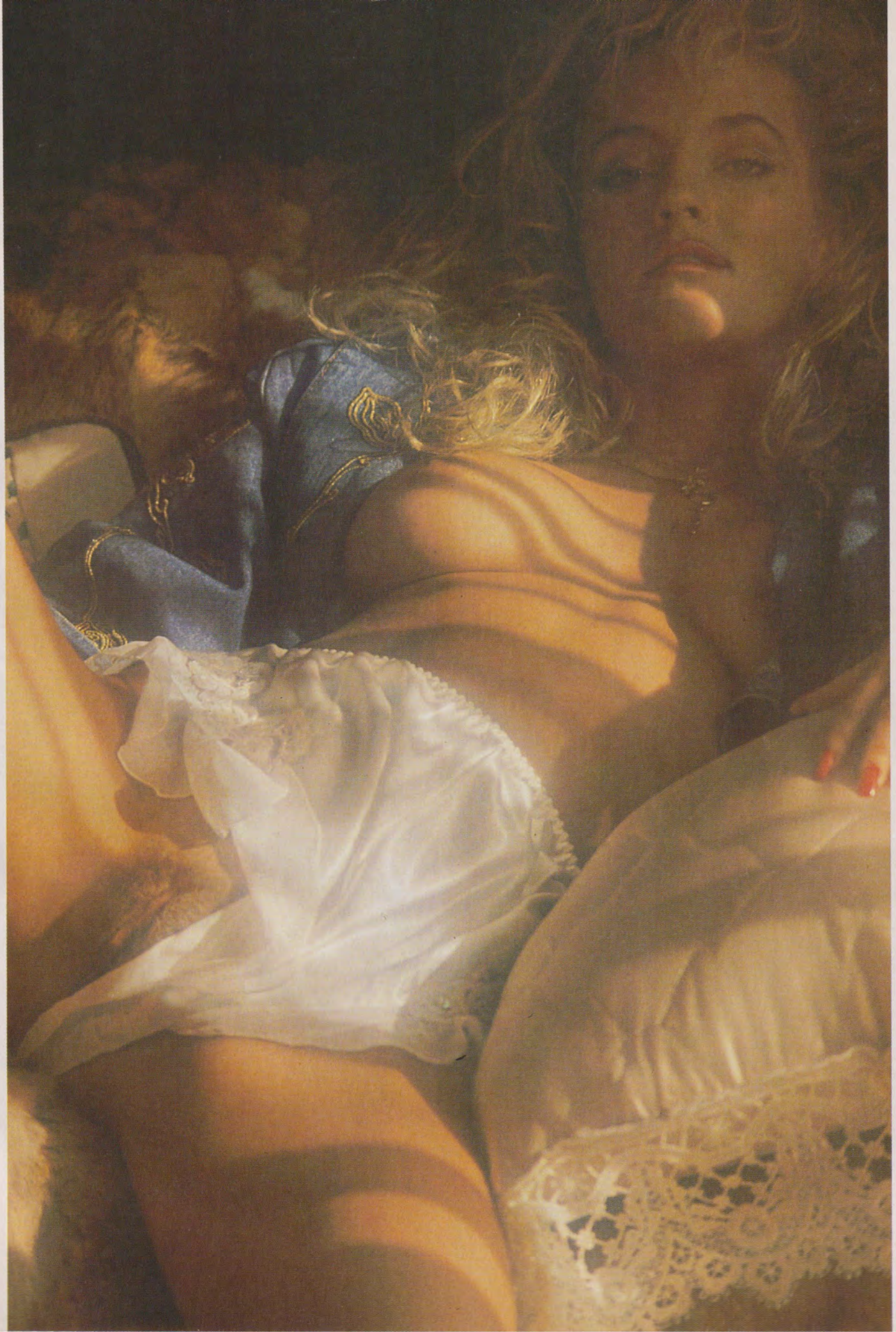
U.S. PET OF THE YEAR



Ginger Miller has just been named USA *Penthouse* Pet Of The Year for 1989, the latest accolade in a long line of triumphs since she first appeared in the world's best men's magazine. 'It's been astounding,' she says. 'I've appeared on TV, done calendars, catalogues, rock videos and fifteen different posters!'

PHOTOS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Combining brains with beauty, Ginger has opened her own costume shop in Los Angeles for models, dancers and musicians. 'It's called the Broad Squad and it has all sorts of outrageous, sexy outfits,' says Ginger, who creates customised denim and leather jackets from her own designs.



36-23-35 Ginger is the daughter of an air force pilot, and hails from San Antonio in Texas. 'My career really took off after my first appearance in *Penthouse*,' she tells us. 'Now to be USA Pet Of The Year is absolutely mind-blowing!'

It's quids for quim as wenches wind up in debt to the wide-boys.

LOAN SHARK SEX SLAVERS

BY
HARRY MONAGHAN

In a fridge in a Government mortuary in North London there is a body. It is being kept there while a police investigation continues. When it was alive the body inhabited areas of north of the River Thames. It belonged to a registered credit broker who had made substantial sums of money by lending money to women. When the women could not pay it back he forced them into prostitution.

The body has stab wounds. Half an ear is bitten off and the face is covered in scratch marks. Police so far have no leads as to the identity of the killer, 'but we're looking for someone with long nails, probably false,' said Detective P. of the Vice Squad. It doesn't

SEX SLAVERS

look a happy corpse.

The victims of this ex-money-lender were usually young and unemployed, always women and often single parents. They had another thing in common – they were all poor. He operated his usury business out of a chain of launderettes that the police had had under surveillance for some time. Somebody got to him before they did. Christmas was his best time of year: so many poor girls getting into debt over those expensive gifts for the kids.

The launderettes were the net where girls were lured into getting debts they could only pay one way – with their bodies. He had a trained squad of older women who were used to trap the young girls. He used to refer to them as his Mamas. The 'Mamas' were all ex-prostitutes who were now too old to get work.

They were recruited to go around the launderettes and befriend young girls. When the friendship was established they would start to lend the girls money. 'The girls thought they were borrowing from some fairy godmother who had happened on the scene,' said Detective P. 'Poor bitches got sucked right in.'

When they had borrowed money once it became easier for the Mamas to entice the girls to borrow again... and again. Often they'd be taken on shopping trips they couldn't afford and the Mama's purse would always be there. The Mamas got their money directly and only on a commission basis. The more they got the girls to spend the higher their percentage cut was.

The spending sprees were madness for the girls. But they all jumped at the chance to break boring routines of killing time or looking after kids. 'He knew where to go to find them and how to keep them once he'd got them,' said Detective P. 'He understood money and what he could do with it and get people to do for it. He was completely successful and completely corrupt. He's also completely dead, of course.'

As long as the girls were with the Mamas the borrowing kept on. When the debt had reached an amount the girls had no hope of paying, usually over four figures, their 'fairy Godmothers' would then close in and call in the debt. The girls would be given a hard luck story by the Mamas explaining why they needed the money back – their granddaughter was ill, they needed a hip operation.

Feeling guilty and frantic that they had no way of paying the money back, the girls would then be left to brood alone on the situation they were in for a week or so. When the Mamas reappeared on the scene they'd have a solution to the problem. The solution was their friend the money-lender.

The Mama would arrange to take him to the girl's flat. The older woman would be there so the girl would feel she was among friends. In front of her new friend desperate for her money back few of the girls could resist the way out the money-lender offered. He would clear the debt and instead the girl would owe him the money. 'It was all his in the first place but they didn't know that. Then she'd be made to sign a contract that no one in their right minds would agree to. Compound interest on a daily rate. But you'd need an accountant and a solicitor to get through the first paragraph. He had them signing it blind,' said Detective P.

After she'd passed the debt over the Mama would still be a friend. The girl would need someone telling her she'd done the right thing, and the Mama would be by her side telling her just that. She'd now encourage the girl to borrow even more now the money was available. Perhaps she would need a car that would make it easier for her to get a job – or driving lessons if she hadn't passed her test. Or maybe a holiday together would be suggested to get over the trauma and pressures of recent money worries. New clothes for the children was also a favourite, or a dishwasher to give the girl more time – she deserved a break. The Mamas could get the girls to spend, spend, spend.

Then the Mamas would disappear for a second time. The girl would be left alone once more and this is when the loan shark would close in. The solicitors' letters threatening eviction and the baliffs would start. 'The boys' would be sent around late at night. She'd get it from both sides – threats of legal action with physical intimidation thrown in. Then suddenly the Mama would appear again. She'd be a shoulder to cry on and would have an idea to get her out from the grip of the loan shark.

The girl would then be taken from her own surroundings to meet a man. The man would be a client looking for sex, or 'business' as the Mama would put it. She'd show the girl the money he had offered if she would masturbate him. The cash would be hers if she went next door and did it. Usually she did.

At first it would be hand jobs and the Mamas would take her to the clients. Then she'd be offered a way of clearing her debts quicker and getting more money – sucking him off and screwing with him. The Mama would handle all the cash. Often this would progress to the best earners of all – kinky sex. And girls who had started borrowing money to go on shopping trips would end up prostitutes.

The body in the fridge in London had tied up the operation very neatly. It was a cunning and elaborate con that sucked in vulnerable individuals until they were in too deep to get out. And once they'd begun paying their debts by prostitution there was no way they would go to the police. The police suspected and were watching him but could prove nothing, and until the killing none of the girls would come forward. The operation was spread wide and involved people who believed it was in their best interests to keep their mouths shut. The full scale of it only came to

light after surveillance of the money-lender's house in Golders Green which led to a 'Head Mama' being brought in for questioning.

'The Mamas were better pimps than men would have been. It was a clever idea to use women,' said Detective P. 'They were canny old tarts with a lifetime's experience of smart talking. Left alone with these lonely girls for long enough and after a few outings the victims were up to their eyeballs. It was all coming from a "friend" – the chummy older woman looking after their welfare. And when eventually they talked them into going on the game they knew all the tricks. He was onto a gold mine,' sighed Detective P.

One of the women whose welfare was looked after was Maureen, a young mother from a council estate in Stratford. She had lived in Gloucester and her husband had had his own plumbing business. After an amicable divorce she moved to London to be nearer her sister. Before moving into the council flat she had rented accommodation. She first got into financial difficulties when her flat was burgled. Most of the contents stolen were uninsured and on HP and paying them back and furnishing her new place was proving very difficult.

She met her Mama in the launderette on the estate. She was just about keeping her head above water working in a pub in the evenings while claiming social security. The spiral into debt started, ironically, with nothing more than getting her own washing machine so she wouldn't have to use the launderette.

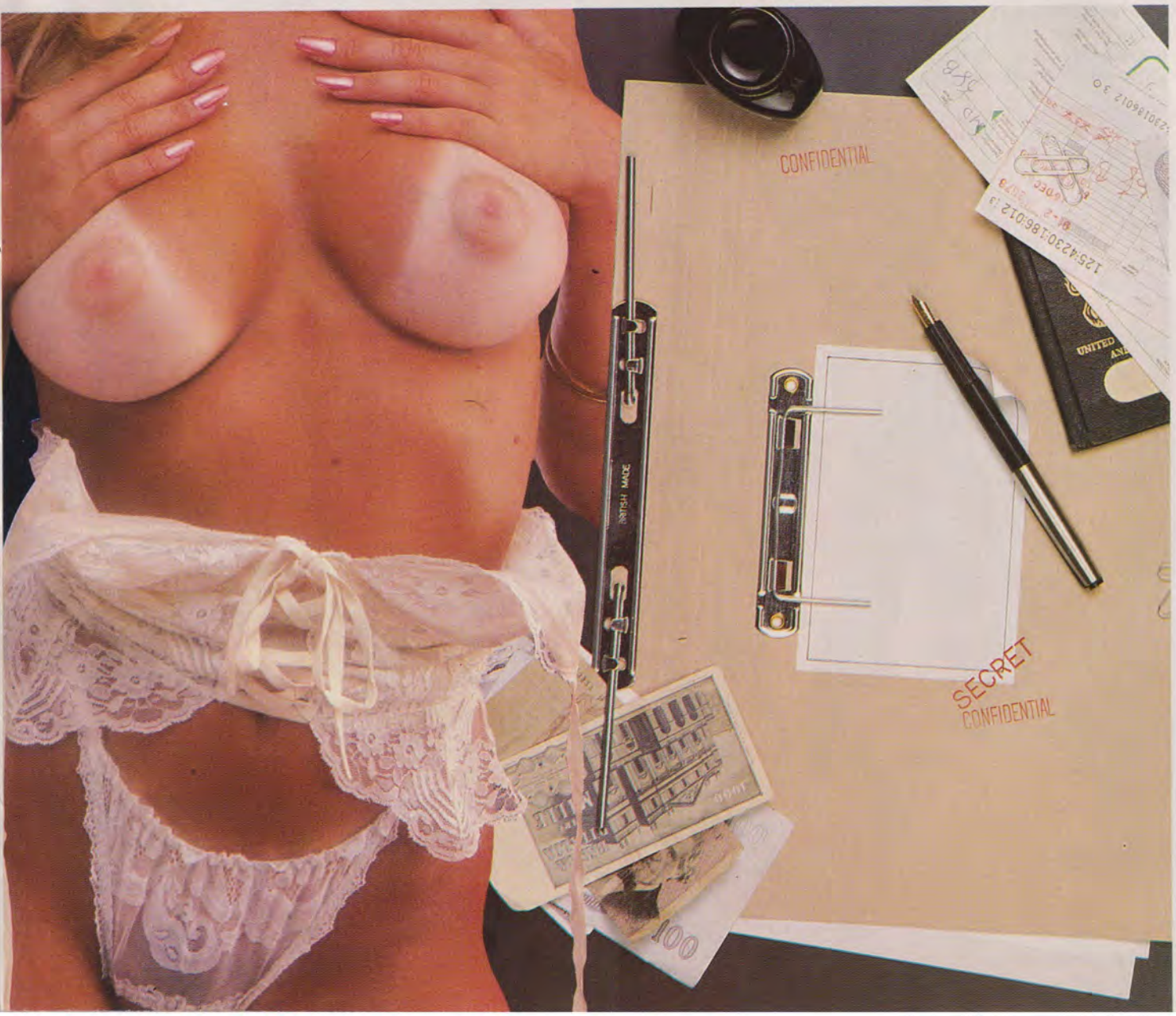
'She seemed harmless and offered to do a bit of babysitting for me. Two months later I owed four thousand pounds and was having to let Arabs bugger me to pay for it,' said Maureen.

The only time Maureen had been into debt before was a conventional overdraft with the bank. She was always careful with money. But she is convinced that what happened to her could happen to anyone. 'I would never have gone to a money-lender – not even considered it. But it was the way it all happened.'

She doesn't hate the woman who introduced her to the shark. But she added her benevolent attitude might be prompted by relief at his murder. 'In a way I feel sorry for Iris [Maureen's Mama]. Fancy making friends with someone to get them into debt and force them into being a prostitute. She was just a bitter old slag who wanted to bring other people down because she'd spent her life in a toilet.'

Did she know at first that the Mama had been on the game?

'She told me she'd worked all her life in shops, but was a play leader in her spare time. I was on the look-out for a babysitter I didn't have to pay.' It ended up with Maureen needing her as a babysitter a lot more than she had planned, to look after her child when she was out working as a prostitute to pay off her debts.



SEX SLAVERS

'The first time when we went to the flat we had a long talk before I went in. Then she told me how long she'd been a whore. She told me just to switch off. I went for a walk and passed him on the stairs coming in. First thing I thought was how old he looked. He was pale and fleshy and wheezing from the stairs. He looked shifty. He probably didn't know I was the one he'd been booked in for. I went for my walk and was gone for about twenty minutes. When I got back I went in and Iris motioned me through with her head.

'I went in the room and he was sitting naked on the bed. I took my knickers off and lifted my skirt. He asked me if I minded turning round as he wanted to take me from the rear. I bent over and supported myself on the chair and let him do it. Then I picked up my knickers and left. I ended up doing at least seven a week.'

At the time of his death said she was told she still owed at least £1,000. Originally she had only borrowed five hundred and had been paying a hundred back a week by prostitution for three months. 'I know they made more than that but I never saw how much the clients paid.' All payments were made direct to the money-lender.

It was all highly profitable. 'Before, he just had girls who owed money. After, he had prostitutes who owed him money and were earning it for him. He had an income from the debt plus the income from the prostitutes, and the kinkier they got the more he made,' said Detective P.

When his house was searched there was a list of which girls were prepared to do what. One girl made to specialise in kinky sex was seventeen year old Carol from the North. Homeless, she had arrived in London and registered with the Social Security Office for assistance with accommodation. She was living in a squat and first met her Mama while in a launderette. She was there not to wash her clothes, but get out of the cold.

The Mama saw her chance and not only offered Carol a room for the night but offered to lend her the deposit of a month's rent for a bedsit. The Mama kept paying the rent for three months and Carol eventually owed her four hundred pounds plus another three hundred for new clothes. The Mama then told Carol she needed the money back to pay for her sister to come from Australia for an eye operation in this country. Carol was then introduced to the man who'd lend her the money to pay the Mama back.

A month later Carol found she had signed a contract that meant she now owed thirteen hundred pounds. Then the second phase of the extortion pattern started. She was faced with court action plus the threat of eviction from her new-found home if she couldn't pay her rent. The answer came in a trip to Knightsbridge where a barrister had a taste for younger girls.

'I was at the end of my tether. She [the Mama] told me she knew a way I could get money. She told me she was taking me to meet someone who could help. When I got there she got a nurse's uniform from her bag. I had to put it on. Then she said I had to go in this room and wait for someone and when they came I was to do what they wanted.

'About five minutes later the door opened and this man with grey hair and wearing a judge's wig and gown came in. He was naked underneath. He told me to bend over and started slapping me. I cried out but he put a gag on me. Then he tied me to the desk and wanked on me. I had to go and see him every week. She kept finding me perverts who I had to dress up for. She took me all round London. I was being f***** up to thirty times a week but what I owed them never seemed to go down.'

Three of the Mamas are now under arrest but the remainder have gone to ground. Despite intense investigation only a handful of girls have come forward or are prepared to talk or testify.

'Most of them are still frightened – more of the money they owe than anything else. They won't come forward in case they have to pay the money off. We can't get near enough to them to convince them otherwise. Some of them have even stayed on the game. They found out it's better than being on the dole.' Meanwhile the investigation continues to find the killer of the body in the fridge. The police are still looking for a suspect with long nails.

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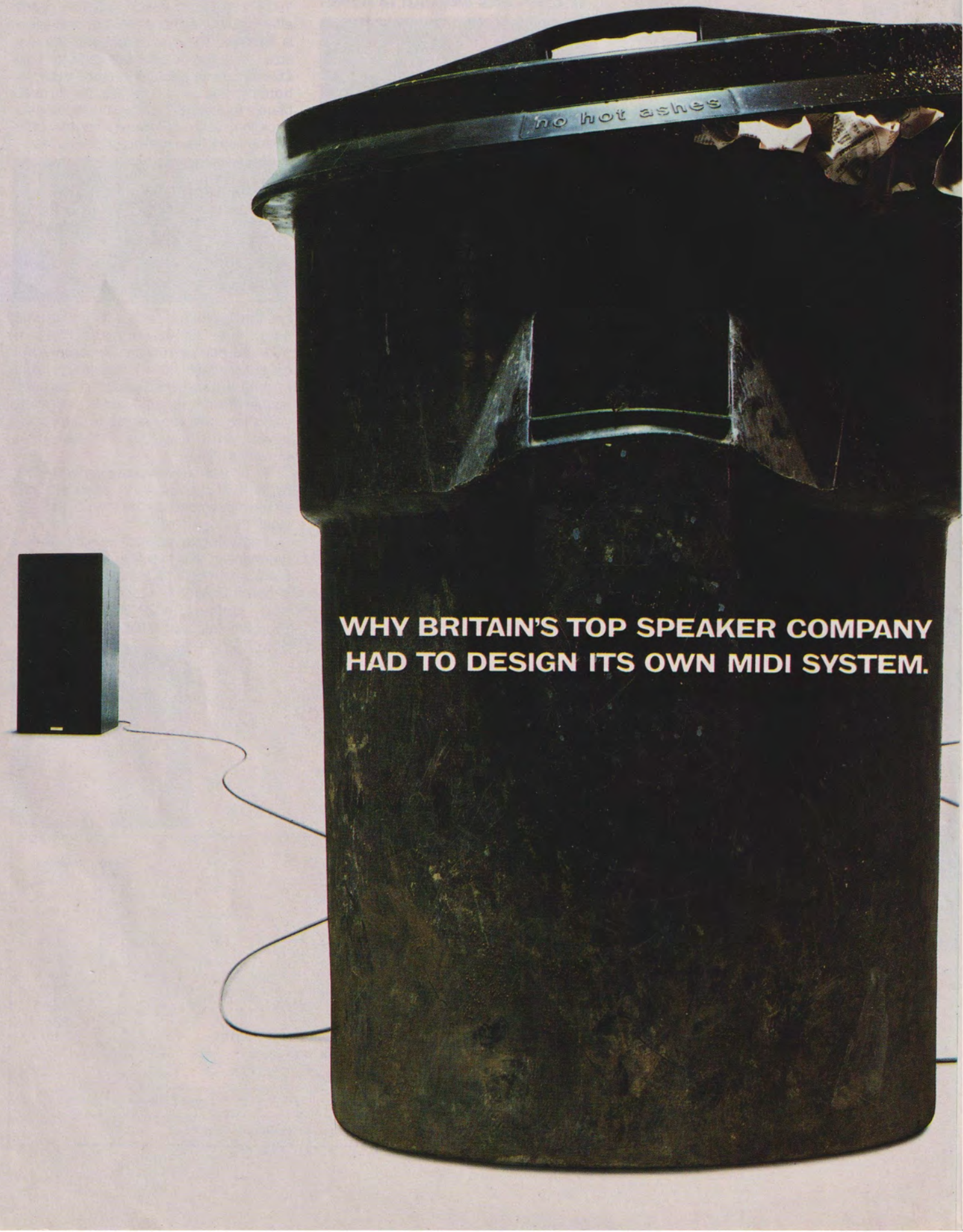
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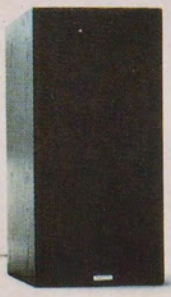

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FOX ON THE RUN

Samantha Fox may have given up glamour modelling, but that hasn't diminished the size of her vast army of devotees or reduced their enthusiasm for her ample curves. Naughty girls have fans too, after all . . .

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN KELLY

Our Sammy is on the run from her Page Three days and is pursuing a career as a pop singer, clad in leather and torn denim. These hot shots from her past, however, show her as her fans would prefer to see her.

The Foxy lady has lately been seen in the company of
Paul Stanley, guitarist with outrageous rock group Kiss.
Eat your heart out, guys!

If Ms Fox's rock'n'roll career doesn't last a horde of rampant, randy males would willingly welcome her back (not to mention her front!) to the world of nude modelling. Until that miracle happens, you'll have to make do with this throbbing set of pix. Foxy, foxy!

RONNIE BIGGS

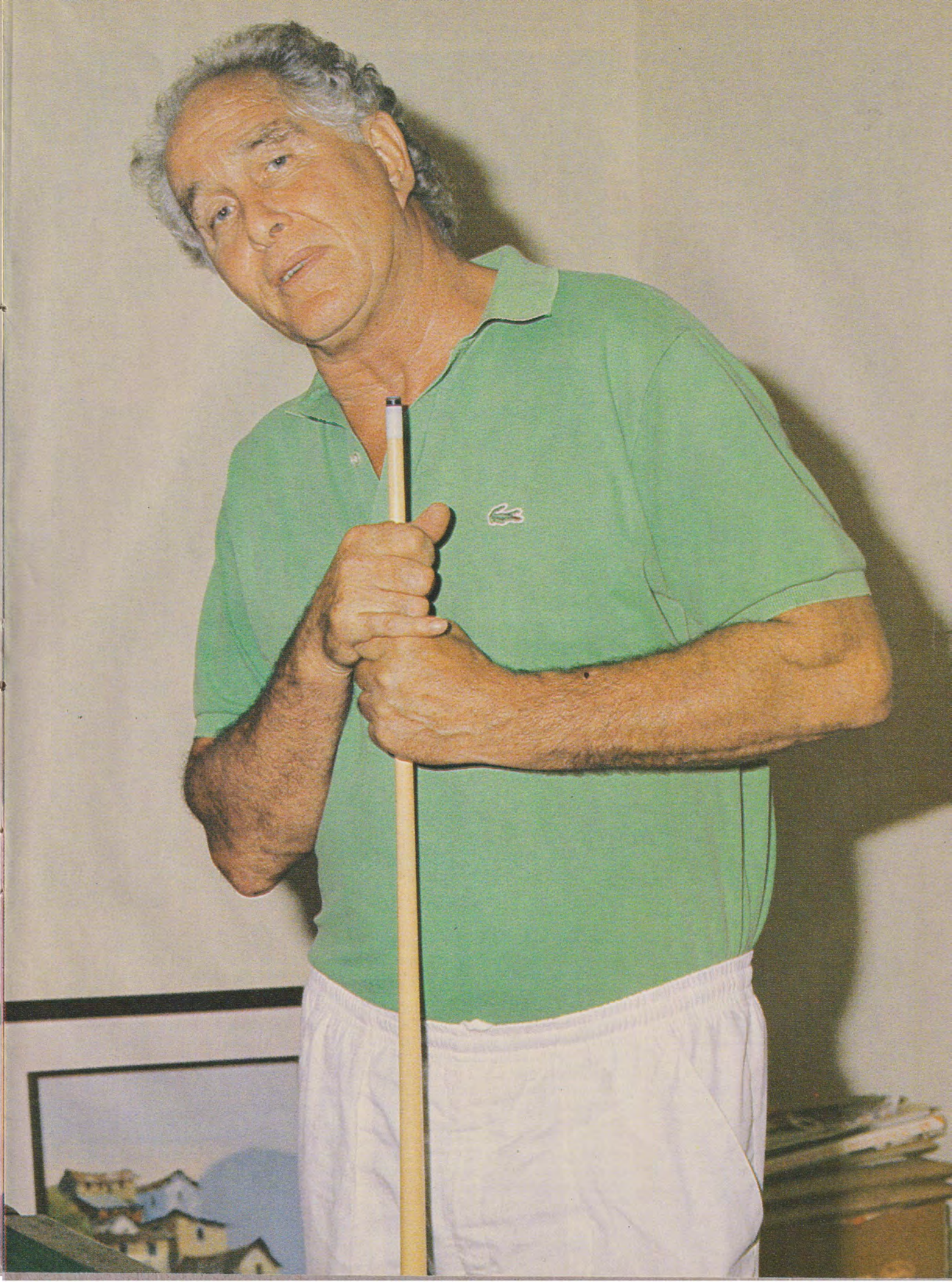
"The train robbery takings today would be worth around forty to fifty million pounds..."

BY JOHN KERCHER

Ronnie Biggs, much to the chagrin of the authorities, has become something of a roguish folk hero to the ordinary people of Britain. If his story was presented as fiction people would think it ridiculously far-fetched. The best known of the participants in the infamous million-pound Great Train Robbery of 1963, Biggs was arrested but made a spectacular escape from prison only to finally turn up in Brazil, from whence the powers that be have consistently failed to extradite him.

The latter-day Robin Hood may not have managed to hold on to his share of the ill-gotten gains, but at least he avoided the severely punitive gaol term which the lads at Scotland Yard dearly wanted to see him serve out. There have, of course, been wild adventures along the way: having plastic surgery to alter his appearance; dressing in punk gear and making the wonderfully gratuitous *Biggest Blow* record with the nefarious Sex Pistols; being kidnapped in an attempt to drag him back to justice in England; divorcing his wife and getting himself a dusky local girlfriend; having books written about his life and times; exchanging barbed pleasantries with his top cop nemesis, Slipper of the Yard.

Biggsy has recently been in the news due to the flurry of celluloid versions of his strange exploits. While the bulk of the publicity has gone to the movie *Buster* (which centres around his partner in crime Buster Edwards), Biggs himself has been the focus for the film *Prisoner Of Rio* and the BBC's long-delayed (by legal objections) *Great Paper Chase*, both of which are 'factional' versions of the notorious



Biggs and Prisoner Of Rio *star Paul Freeman*

RONNIE BIGGS

kidnap bid.

While Ronnie Biggs can't, of course, set foot outside Brazil without jeopardising his freedom, there was nothing to stop *Penthouse* giving him a bell in Rio to get the latest lowdown on the trials and tribulations of the man the boys in blue love to hate. And that's just what we did...

Penthouse: When you read of the Brinks Mat robbery which reputedly netted £26 million, does it make the train robbery's £2 million pale into insignificance somewhat?

Biggs: Not at all. Because you have to realise that allowing for inflation, devaluation and all the other economic factors things today are about twenty times what they were in 1963. The train robbery takings today would be worth around forty to fifty million pounds.

In fact I recently sat down and worked out what my share would be valued at now and it came to about a million pounds. With what I got in 1963 I could've bought something like fourteen detached houses in Reigate, Surrey if I'd wished. So I didn't do too badly. Most people were only earning around a grand a year if they were lucky then.

Penthouse: When you look back now from your isolation in Rio, do you in any way regret what you did?

Biggs: It's a difficult question to answer. I can best say that I definitely regret what happened to the driver of the train. And equally regret the fact that I had to leave my wife and children to come to Brazil and the subsequent divorce that followed. I never planned for that and I would probably be with them today if things had gone a bit

differently. But that said I don't regret doing the robbery itself. Crime was a different sort of thing in those days to what it is now.

Penthouse: Do you think, then, that this is why you have become such a popular folk hero which might be difficult for someone else in your position today?

Biggs: I don't know what my appeal is, but I've certainly become an attraction and met some marvellous people because of it. Criminals have come to see me when they've been in town and so has Sir Stanley Matthews. You can't get a wider cross-section than that. There was the bunch of Welsh people who came here on holiday to Rio and they made a special visit to see me. They said, we know that it's the Christ that this city is famous for but it's you we wanted to see! That was flattering.

Penthouse: In fact there are many people who are your fans who weren't even born at the time of the robbery?

Biggs: That's right. You only have to look at the Sex Pistols thing to see that that's true. I get letters all the time. I think that a lot of people saw the robbery and my subsequent escape as a romantic thing. And when you look at today's crimes the sentences *were* unusually severe.

Penthouse: It was some achievement to elude capture for so long, and you obviously spent years wondering whether the British police would finger you sometime or later. Do you still find yourself looking over your shoulder?

Biggs: Not any more. I used to, but if I carried on like that now I wouldn't be able to get through the day!

Penthouse: What do people find when they meet you?

Biggs: Better ask them, I suppose. But I do like a good chat and a joke and I often throw outrageous parties which all are invited to. I won't go into that too much but there are lots of pretty girls and plenty of booze and we all have a great time. This is a party city!

Penthouse: Now, whilst you were on the run you underwent plastic surgery to alter your appearance. Did you find that this in any way altered your personality too?

Biggs: I suppose that the first time that I looked in the mirror I wondered who the individual staring back at me was. You obviously get used to the way you look and it can be a bit unnerving to be the same person inside but different on the outside. But people have different bits altered for cosmetic reasons all the time, so you get to realize that it's not quite so drastic. What does bother me is that I have this Dorian Gray thing. You know the story, where the guy has a painting done of himself and it's left in the loft or wherever, and whilst all around him grow old he stays youthful. Then one day he looks at the painting and it's grown old and he just crumbles. I feel a bit like that! I sometimes think that if I hadn't had the surgery then what would I look like by now from the booze and the women. Some day it'll probably all fall apart just like Dorian Gray.

Penthouse: There's a new film out about you called *Prisoner Of Rio* which purports to be a fictionalised account of the kidnap attempt on you seven years ago. How did that come about?

Biggs: A film producer was down here wanting to make a film about the Amazon but when he took the idea back to a director in America, who was Lech Majewski, he was told by this guy that if he did anything in Brazil it would have to be about me. It seems that my exploits on the run had inspired him to flee Poland. So they came to see me and I agreed and co-wrote the script with them. But it is a purely fictionalised account and shows that I *am* very much a prisoner of Rio.

Penthouse: Of the real kidnapping, what went through your mind at the time?

Biggs: I was scared. Believe me I was scared. I really thought that they'd got me and were going to extradite me back to England. I felt that there was absolutely no way out. And to make matters even worse, I didn't have a penny to my name, contrary to beliefs that I'd stashed a lot of cash away somewhere. So there wasn't a hope in hell of me trying to defend myself with any kind of appeal about the extradition order.

Penthouse: So how did you manage to get back to Rio and make Scotland Yard see red?

Biggs: I suppose I was at the end of my tether when this guy came to see me and told me that he was the Perry Mason of Barbados, where I'd been taken. I looked at him and said, 'Well you sound just like the kind of man that

SIX WAYS TO SPEND A MILLION ON THE RUN

1. Fork out loadsamoney to freelance villains in return for springing you from the Scrubs after you get nicked.

2. Unload huge wadges of tenners to a bent plastic surgeon so that he'll change your looks radically enough to avoid your being sussed in the dragnet which occurs when you're on the run.

3. Chuck it away on airfares and bent passports so you and yours can scoot off to Australia when the boys in blue start to close in.

4. Lose piles 'n' piles to shifty characters who promise to 'mind' it for you only to disappear into the distance never to be seen again.

5. Pay exorbitant rates to amateur hoteliers and tenants of scruffy council flats for letting you lie low and bringing in deliveries of greasy fast-food while you sweat it out.

6. When you finally scarper to Rio blow the last of the cash on seedy lawyers who plead your right to be broke in the Brazilian sun.

Biggs (Paul Freeman) gets frisky in Prisoner Of Rio

RONNIE BIGGS

I need. But I've got to tell you something. That is that I'm totally penniless!' He just smiled at me and said that I shouldn't worry about a thing.

He believed in a maxim from his student lawyer days that no matter how difficult the situation, there is always a loophole. And he said that he just had to find that loophole. By God he found it!

Penthouse: What was the reaction of the people of the island?

Biggs: Everyone was behind me. The entire island, except the top man and the British police who had flown out to get me home.

Penthouse: So what was the loophole?

Biggs: It was clever. Apparently no one is permitted to arrive in Barbados other by normal and legal means. If they had stowed away on a ship and entered the island that way then it would be illegal. Similarly, the fact that I had not visited Barbados of my own volition, but had been kidnapped and taken there, meant that I was not a *bona fide* visitor. Since I was, in a sense, not allowed to be there I could not effectively be extradited. I remember that the magistrates considered this point eight of a twelve point appeal and when they came out they were extremely grim faced when they told me that I was free to return to Brazil. Then they told the police and they were pretty angry and frustrated.

Penthouse: Someone must be on your side.

Biggs: I know that they are. And I'll tell you who. Everything down here in Brazil is geared to saints and I've been told that Saint Barbra who is the saint of the wind looks after me. Well there have been times when I felt that she had deserted me, but then just when I think that nothing is going right, up she pops and makes everything fine. But she cuts it close sometimes.

Penthouse: What made you decide on Brazil when you had to flee Australia?

Biggs: I remember that I was looking at these travelogues and I saw one on Rio. It was a night time shot with all of the lights and it looked romantic. I thought, 'That's the place for me,' and so I booked my ticket and fled. But I owe a lot to Brazil. It's been marvellous for me. I'd recommend this country to anyone without question. There is little to compare with it. It's a beautiful country and I love the music, the food, the Rio attitude, the beach, the booze and the girls.

Penthouse: Tell us something about the women.

Biggs: What can I say? They must be amongst the most beautiful females in the world. You go down to the beach and see them and it sends your mind spinning. They've really got something special. There's an American friend of mine who lives here now and he is always talking about the way the women have the 'Rio walk'. They stroll with a rhythm with one hand out. It's a fantastic sight. And they are extremely sensual.

Penthouse: You said earlier that you regretted leaving your ex-wife, Charmaine, and your family. Did you make the decision or was she behind you?

Biggs: It was definitely a joint decision. We were in Australia for a couple of years before they realized that I was there. I was getting a bit despondent and I said to Charmaine in a secret meeting that we had that things were getting sticky and that I wasn't going to run any more. She turned to me and said, 'Oh yes you are. You aren't going to let them get you now.' She knew that I had been contemplating Brazil as a place to go to and she said that this is what I should do. Charmaine said: 'It's a bold move but you'll make it.' And so I took her advice.

Penthouse: So why didn't you take her with you?

Biggs: I knew that she couldn't go to Brazil legally and I felt that I had put her through enough already. I just didn't want her and the kids to spend the rest of their lives on the run just because of me. We would have been hiding out, waiting and it was too much to expect of them. Of course she later divorced me. She had to. It was the only way for her to continue and she's done well since.

Penthouse: But you haven't married again!

Biggs: I can't. I am forbidden as a condition of my staying in Brazil, to commit folly. In other words, I must not marry. I am not allowed to have a job. Nor am I allowed to go to clubs or bars. And I am expected to be indoors by ten in the evening. Of course it doesn't always work like that. In fact I have a twenty-five per cent interest in a night club here which is quite interesting. It's the kind of club where lots of young people go. A weird crowd. They paint their faces white and wear strange clothes. But they are nice enough and I have to go along every so often just to show my face. There is quite a good club scene here and plenty of night life.

Penthouse: How did you get by if you were not allowed to work?

Biggs: People were quite friendly. They put me up, gave me some money, I did little jobs around their houses and they fed me, until I got my own feet. In addition there have been various media things.

Penthouse: How do you see your future, then?

Biggs: I've never been able to look to it, ever since I went on the run. Like I said, I'm a prisoner of Rio.

Penthouse: Do you ever worry that they might change the extradition laws in Brazil?

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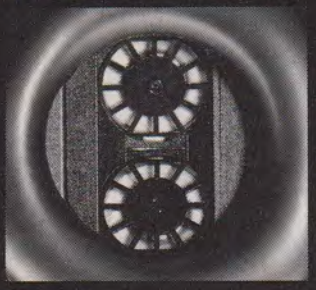

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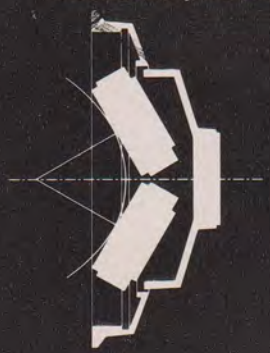

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PRESIDENTIAL VICE

The United States has a new administration. President Elect George Bush will shortly be the most powerful man in the world and his right hand man is Vice President Dan Quayle. In the election campaign Quayle was known as the Robert Redford lookalike. But the Golden Boy of politics knew a golden girl – leggy blonde Paula Parkinson, brought to you in this exclusive set of pictures by *Penthouse*.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SCOPE FEATURES

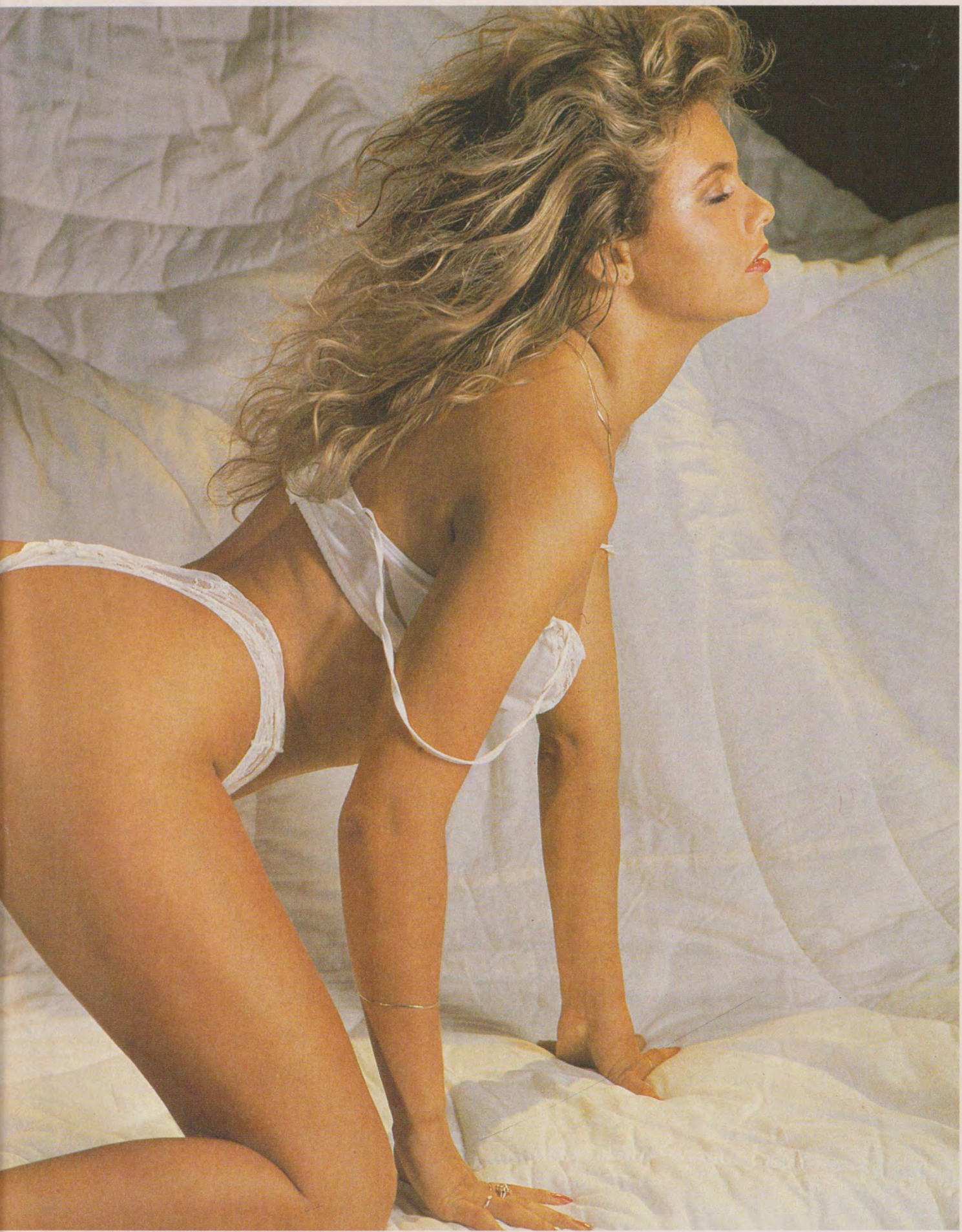
Paula Parkinson hit the headlines when Vice President Dan Quayle hit the big time. Doctor's daughter Paula was a Washington lobbyist who enjoyed men's company – and to prove it went away with eight male politicians for a holiday in Florida. One of those men was Dan Quayle. None of the Washington wives knew that their husbands had the company of such a voluptuous female. She was after their votes among other things, and one of the men after her was Dan Quayle himself – away from home, his wife and three children.

Paula enjoyed parading around the Palm Beach house naked and finally became irresistible to Quayle. He mauled her publicly in a restaurant and used to follow her around in his boxer shorts as he touched her up and tried to get her into bed, or so it's alleged. At the time she was bedding another congressman on the trip, Tom Evans, but relished listening to Quayle begging her for sex before going off with Evans. Parkinson eventually totalled eight affairs with congressmen in her bid to win votes. Looks like she's got some friends in very high places.

Back Door Ma'am

'I like to take it from behind,' sighs Suzi. 'The feel of a man's hardness sliding into me, his belly slapping against my buttocks, that's one of the best things about making love on my knees. Hard and fast, that's the way it's got to be!'

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAOLO TALLARIGO



Suzi is a lady of private means. 'I spend all my time shopping for expensive underwear and having wild sex. I know it seems terribly lazy of me, but I believe that I was born for pleasure. The world needs girls like me or all those men out there would die of frustration.'

IL SIGILLO DELLA PORPORA

Our panting Pet can't understand why some models refuse to go nude. 'It's the most natural thing in the world for me. I love to see the throbbing bulge in a man's pants as he feasts his eyes on my flesh. And by appearing naked in *Penthouse* I can reach so many more guys!'

Suzi is sure what her best feature is: 'My behind. It drives men berserk with lust, and that's the way I like it. As long as I live I'm going to be a back door girl.'

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CONFESSIONS OF A SEX SURROGATE

In this country and abroad people are increasingly turning to professional help for their sexual problems – and it's on-the-job practical help, not just advice they need. Oliver Haddo talked to Jane Jackson, a specialist in the United States who gets down to business with clients of either sex, giving her body as well as counselling.

Just what is a sex surrogate? Well, it's a person who undertakes to help people who have never learned to come to terms with their sexual feelings to overcome problems in relating to other people in an erotic way. And let's have no jokes about 'what's the worst job you've ever had?' Or indeed, 'what's the best job you've ever had?' In surrogacy things are rarely that clear cut or well defined!

In the UK some of the top sex therapists use girls as surrogates, but it's all very hush-hush as everyone is terrified of being charged under your hopelessly out of date and restrictive laws regarding prostitution. Now in the good ol' USA (where I hail from) sex surrogates are recognised as providing a useful service. And that's as it should be.

I'm twenty-eight years old, blonde, shapely and fairly pretty, or so I've been told. I've been involved in this work for five years. There's even a sort of union for us on the West Coast, the

CONFESSIONS

International Professional Surrogates Association, so that if someone is keen to get into this line of work they can get literature explaining about ethics and suchlike and get themselves trained up. It's not just sex, y'see, it's serious, sensitive work.

I first went along to find out about surrogacy as a bit of a prank. This therapist I knew encouraged me to check it out, and since I thought he was kind of cute I took him up on it. But I soon discovered that there are a lot of unhappy people out there, and I was thrilled and intrigued by the idea that I could help them with their, uh, little problems. Anyway, I've always dug sex.

What happens is this: a client is referred to me by his therapist. We have a meeting first, just to talk. It's all a little tense, y'know? These guys usually have trouble relating to women. We build up intimacy and eventually we get to the nitty gritty. Sex, that is. Hard sex. First we get the fee out of the way, 'cos it's embarrassing to talk cash after we know each other. Anyway, we take our time. Dating, talking on the phone, relaxing the tension. You've got to fall in love with them just a little.

Some of these guys have never been with a woman, so you have to take it slow. Would you like to hear about my first ever client? Okay. It's a funny story, really. He was this little bespectacled man, balding and with a slight stoop. He was positively drooling the first time he saw me, his eyes never left my tits throughout the whole session with the therapist, it was quite hilarious actually but of course I couldn't laugh! Anyway, we made a date to meet at my house the next night.

His problem was supposedly that he was incredibly shy about his penis – he said he'd never shown it to a woman. I told him I'd get naked first, so it wouldn't be so embarrassing for him. Well, he was galvanised, rooted to the spot, as I did a slow, natural strip for him. Then I encouraged him to get out of his clothes, too. Boy, did I get a shock! All he'd said was that the size of his dick troubled him, and I guess that the therapist and I had just assumed that he meant it was too small by his reckoning – all he'd actually said was that it was 'different' and 'not the same as other men's', all that kind of stuff. In fact, it was a whopper! It was at least 9 inches when erect and so thick I could barely get my hand around it, you know? I gawped at it and he got upset right off: 'I knew it! I knew it! You're like all the rest, you think it's weird, it scares you!'

Miss Jackson's clients can be of either sex

I suddenly remembered that I was, after all, there to work, and began to reassure him: 'Oh no, no, I'm just staring 'cos it's so darned beautiful! I think I want to suck it, honey. Let me take that thing in my mouth. You just lie back and enjoy it. I'm here to have fun and so are you, baby!' And then to his surprise, and my own, I might add, I gobbled that purple-headed punisher right down to the hairy root. Oh boy, was he in ecstasy! He lost all his shyness and grabbed my head as he thrust his hips spasmodically. 'Oh yeah, yeah, suck it, suck it!' he moaned over and over, gaining confidence with every bob of my head. Then he suddenly pulled his cockhead out of my mouth and sprayed hot cum over my face. I confess I was having just as much fun as he was.

When we'd gotten our breaths back he told me that it all stemmed from his childhood. The kids at school had laughed and pointed at him in the showers, but he'd never had anyone explain to him about sex. Unlike most boys, who would've been proud of such a rampant rammer, he assumed that there was something terribly wrong and deformed about his giant prick. As he got older he refused to go out with girls and immediately blushed if one spoke to him – he was always sure that the other guys had told the girl about his 'deformity' and resolved not to be made a laughing stock. Naturally, the poor man grew up with a fixation about his dick. And with one decent blow job I'd cured him. I felt so proud! And just to make sure I repeated the cure several more times that night. Well – you gotta be very thorough in this business, right? It's like being a doctor.

Of course, you have to tell 'em the truth. It's no good pretending that a guy is a cross between Warren Beatty and Arnold Schwarzenegger when he's actually more like the Frankenstein monster meets Danny De Vito! Sympathetic honesty is always better than unconvincing grovelling, which is an insult, really. They know when you're lying. I had this one guy who was a hunchback, but apart from that he was pretty horny and quite capable of being a good lover. So I concentrated on his good points and he knew I was telling the truth. In the end, he screwed my brains out – one of the best ballings I've ever had, actually! And it increased my confidence about the job, convinced me that I knew what I was doing and that this really was an important job, not just an excuse for whoring. In making the client feel good about himself I made myself feel good, too. What more could I ask for, huh?

Sure, sometimes I get clients I don't like the look of, and I don't take them on, but others only show their bizarre or unacceptable sides when it's too late to back out. I remember this one dude who told me, as soon as we were nude together, that the real reason he was so shy about having intercourse

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CONFESSIONS

with ladies was because he felt sure they'd object to his particular fetish about food. 'Food?' I asked. He grinned sheepishly. Turned out he was into screwing in this boxing ring type thing he'd constructed in his basement, filling it with salad dressing and overripe tomatoes, custard, jam and any gooey, icky substance you can think of! Really! I don't know if you have it in Britain, but in the States we have all these titillating entertainments like 'Foxy Food Fighting' and such. You've seen them on video at least, right? Right.

You get these incredibly busty, firm goddesses in tiny string bikinis rolling around wrestling and smearing each other curves with all manner of gunk! Well, this guy was a fixated, died in the wool maniac for this soft porn mush, and he couldn't ball a chick except when emulating his favourite sport. I didn't really wanna do it, but I thought: what the hell, I'm a professional! Let's get real, let's get serious! So I swallowed my pride and got down to it.

. We were rolling around in this rice pudding and he soon began to get an erection as he sucked the milky stuff off my nipples. It took a lot of patience, but I eventually got him to forget the pudding and concentrate on the screwing. After a few sessions, gradually lessening the food content each time – kinda like a diet – I finally got him to have sex away from his culinary dungeon. And you know what? He said it was the best humping he'd ever had in his entire everlovin' life! A few sessions later he confessed that he'd now got a girlfriend and that they were having 'normal' sex. He was a bit sheepish about it but I was so happy for him. After all, he wasn't my lover, he was a client. I'd succeeded in my task. Great!

I handle about half a dozen cases at a time, any more than that is just too much – emotionally and physically. You get involved, you see. Sometimes you get upset, you cry, you shout. Especially if they treat you like a hooker. I mean, I am not a prostitute! I'm a professional person. I don't talk about it to my boyfriends very much, although they know what I do. I guess I'm just the sort of person who likes lots of relationships. Anyhow, it's confidential stuff so I can't really discuss it in detail with others, can I?

We have to take precautions of course – what with AIDS and everything you can't be too careful. Sometimes, if I get to know a client real well, I'll dispense with rubbers later on, but that's a rarity. You have to balance things out, though. If I think things are getting too serious then I have to consider calling a halt, it wouldn't do to get fixated on a guy who was a client, would it?

My clients aren't always guys, though! I know I'm in a minority here but I will take lesbian clients if I find them attractive. I've always been very slightly AC/DC since high school when I had a crush on my gym teacher. She had these lovely long tanned legs and...well, let's not get into that right now! Oooh, where was I? Oh yes, female clients.

Once this therapist friend of mine very tentatively enquired if I'd take an eighteen-year-old chick he was treating who was unequivocally certain she was gay but didn't know what to do about it. I was a bit wary until he showed me a photograph of her in a bikini. Wow! That was all I could say – I was well and truly hooked! We arranged to meet in a restaurant and as soon as our eyes met I knew we'd end up in bed that night. All through the meal I was trembling as our knees touched under the table. This was one job I was gonna enjoy.

It turned out that this girl had known she was a dyke since she was fourteen, but her parents were very strict Catholics and had always told her that sex was dirty – especially 'deviant' sex. And, being a real stunner, she always had boys pursuing her, all of which left her feeling very sad and confused about her sexuality. She said that I was the first woman she'd felt comfortable with sexually, that her sex experiences had been pretty much confined to furious bouts of masturbation until she'd met me.

She was dynamite in the sack, actually! It started off very tentatively, just touching and exploring with fingers and tongues. I was hot to trot, well we both were. She was perfect, huge globes of tanned breast flesh tipped with erect teats just ripe for sucking on, narrow waist and long, long legs. God I wanted to eat her shaven pussy! We were soon kissing, tongues entwined, hands roaming everywhere. She pushed me back and forced my knees apart, then leapt hungrily on my snatch, slobbering frantically on my juicy hole. All I could do was moan. I remember saying, 'Oh, oh no, I'm the surrogate, I'm supposed to be helping you to come, not the other way around!'

After I came long and noisily it was her turn. She held my head gently as I tasted her sweet, hot love fluids and used my pink tongue to make her buck and scream with uninhibited, free pleasure. She really let herself go, I can tell you. The session lasted all night and involved impromptu dildoes and every position under the sun.

In the end that girl became a surrogate herself, specialising in lesbians of course! Being a surrogate was good for her, too, actually, because it made her feel much better about herself. Also she managed to take on some male clients too – she discovered that she

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quite enjoyed having sex with guys, really! It was all that repression coming from those dreadful parents of hers that caused all the problems, of course. Bastards. 'They f*** you up, your mom and dad,' as your wonderful old poet Philip Larkin apparently once said!

I'll probably give up my surrogacy work when I feel that it's getting to be no fun any more, when the strains are just too much. At the moment, however, it's so enjoyable and rewarding that I feel as if I could go on doing it forever. My latest case is one of the best and most satisfying I've ever worked on. I guess I can tell you about it as long as I keep the guy's name secret, huh? Ethics are very important in surrogacy work, you know.

I couldn't believe it when my therapist connection introduced me to this man as a client with a sexual problem. He was over six feet, well built and very dishy with it. He seemed a little shy but most women like that in a man, I think. So we sat down and discussed his troubles and it emerged that he was terrified of having an orgasm. It all stemmed from an incident in his childhood when his big sister had caught him masturbating just when he was on the point of shooting his wad. Now, every time he was about to climax with a girl he froze with fear and his cock drooped. Apparently, the only way his body ever managed to expel his excess sperm was through wet dreams. He'd see his sister enter the room, focus on the look of horror in her eyes, then he'd wake up to find a sticky mess on the mattress! Poor guy.

It's taken me a long time for me to, ahem, straighten him out properly. We started by slowly getting intimate, not even trying for an orgasm. I worked up to the point where I gave him a lengthy, baby-oiled hand job, and when he was close to spunking I'd wank him furiously with both hands, not allowing him to lose the erection, forcing him to come. He was just as eager as I was, which helped us a lot. He was shouting, 'Come, come, you bastard, come!' Awkward, clumsy, maybe, but it certainly worked.

Eventually he was able to shoot off every time with very little effort. What a relief that was for him! Then we graduated to balling. One great side-effect of his 'problem', which he didn't want to lose and which many men would envy, was that he could stay hard for ages. Hooh boy! Talk about seven inches of rock-hard pleasure.

I recall one evening he screwed me so many times that I lost count. I came again and again, but he just kept sliding that rampant pole into me from behind. What a man. I'll let you into a little secret – now he can orgasm on cue! He claims it's like a switch in his head, y'know, on/off, come/don't come, just like some of those macho male porno studs claim to have. So in the end his 'problem' cloud turned out to have a silver lining for him. Hell of a thing to go through, though, for all those years just to get a little sexual bonus at the end. Oh well, I suppose he got me out of it too, his very own sex surrogate.

I think eventually people all over the world will realise that there's nothing dirty about sex and that sexual surrogates are a necessary thing, that there's nothing wrong with people helping each other to overcome their problems and have a better sex life. It's still not quite 'respectable', even in California, and it appears probable that it's downright illegal in the UK, judging by the way that it's all kept so quiet over there. I hope this article will help.

Let's hear it for surrogacy!

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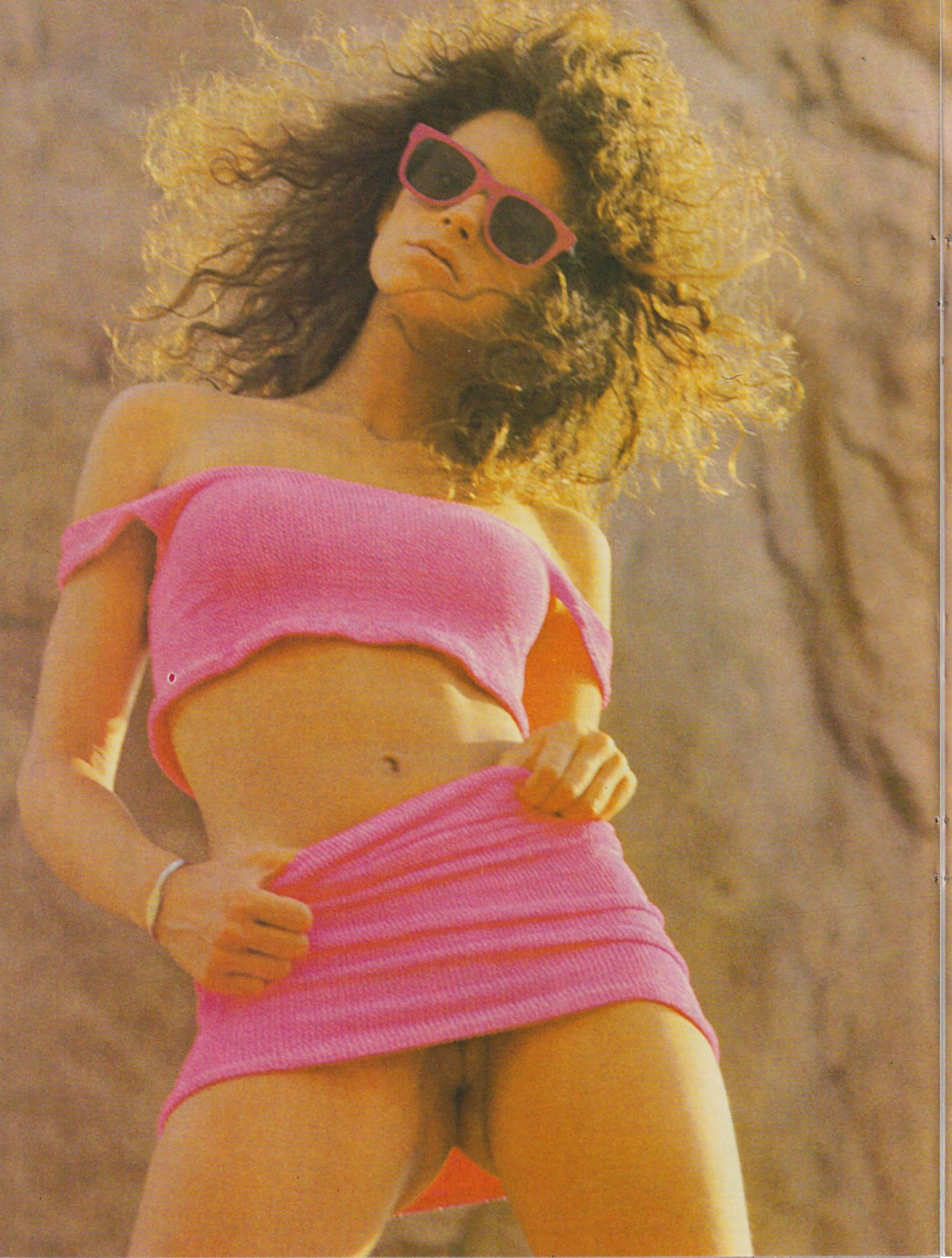


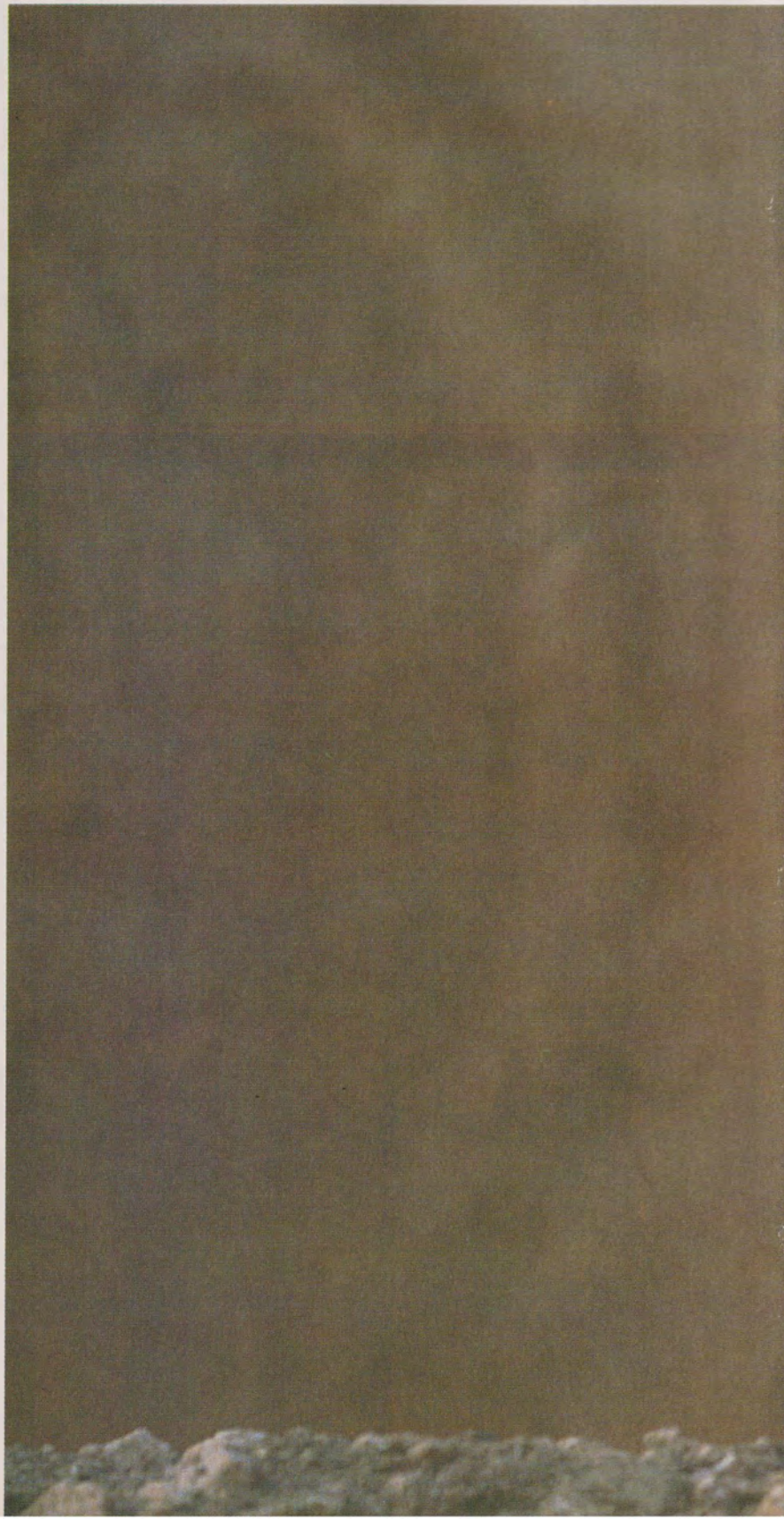
OVERNIGHT SENSATION

Tami Hogen started her upward mobility in high school musicals - but her sudden entry to the world of *Penthouse* came as something of a surprise. 'I never expected my career to take off this suddenly,' enthuses our hot young heroine.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SCHOEN

'When it comes to romance I like to take my time,' says Tami. Like the song says, she prefers a man with a slow hand!

'If a man wants to make love to me, he'd better be ready to make a commitment to me first.'



Although she has a live-in lover, Tami is quite capable of being impulsive when the spirit takes her. 'I love fast cars! Speed and risk really do turn me on, you know.'

Ms Hogen is currently working as a long-distance telephone operator, but hopes to visit all the exotic locales she's been dialling in person one day. Meanwhile, she's just back from an impromptu dash to Mexico. 'I'll travel anywhere at a moment's notice!'

HOW TO

DRIVE WOMEN WILD

Bill Shipton shows you the strokes likely to produce erogenous moans from the damsel of your dreams.

So you've finally got off with the girl of your dreams (you haven't? What have you been reading for the past year or so? Rush out and order back numbers of the last 14 issues at once!). Now, where were we? On the verge of sexual ecstasy, where else? The woman you have spent a lifetime lusting after, be she a yuppy (Vol 22 No 13) or a feminist (Vol 23

DRIVE WOMEN WILD

Nice 'n' kneesy

No 8), has agreed to go out with you. All you have to do now is drive her wild with a combination of charisma and sizzling sex appeal. Easy! So why is it I sense the jaws of the nation dropping open and can hear you going, 'But, but, but,' like a small motor boat? Do not fear, gentle reader, the next stage in the Guide to Successful Seduction (or 'Shagging with Shipton' as it's known colloquially) is in your hand – no, the other hand, stupid!

Driving a woman wild is like driving a car. To the learner it seems an impossibly complicated combination of movements that requires constant concentration. But once you've passed the test (practical and oral), it comes so naturally you can do it with one hand and your mind on something completely different.

The first lesson comes from instructress Natalie Collins of Bristol.

'You might think that women are driven wild by physical appearance,' she says, 'but that's quite wrong! It's the way a man behaves that turns a girl on. His manner and way of treating his lady. When I think of the guys who I fancy on television like Tom Selleck, Clint Eastwood and so on, then remember the men I've been out with, they bear no resemblance. That's because, in the real world, no one is driven wild by just a body. The man needs to have a personality that's appealing.'

So what appeals to her?

'I know it sounds corny,' she confessed, 'but it's romance and chivalry. You know, those old-fashioned things like candle-lit dinners, roses and chocolates. The man who helps me on with my coat will stand a good chance of helping me off with my knickers!

'Take my last boyfriend, Giles,' she continued. 'He was nothing to look at at all. In fact, he was a right wimp! But because he could never win a woman with a display of muscles, he forgot the macho-man technique and settled for being a romantic hero. Every time I met him he brought me flowers, and he always held doors open for me. After years of spending my time with loud-mouthed lager lads, it was an instant turn-on to be treated like I was important and not just another grope to be bragged about down the pub.'

I asked Natalie to supply me with a shopping list for the budding rose-sender. It came back a mile long and featured such items as expensive chocolates, champagne, endless flowers and large cars or enormous taxi fares. It seems that to be a 'charmer' you need Nigel Havers's bank balance to go with it.

'No, that's not true!' Natalie protested. 'I was lucky because Giles was well-off, but courtesy costs nothing. Standing up when I walk into a room or letting me taste the wine first is free, and not getting drunk and making obvious jokes, which so many men seem to enjoy, actually works out cheaper! It's simply being thoughtful that I find attractive. Ringing me when he knows I've had a tough day, sending me silly postcards when he's away on business, that sort of thing. I know one girl who was seduced by Walnut Whips! Her boyfriend found out she liked them, so he sent her one every day until she agreed to go out with him. That cost 22p a day but it worked! Mind you, I think she's sick of the sight of them now.'

Wendy, a well-endowed blonde secretary from Richmond, agrees.

'Oh, romance has always driven me wild,' she says. 'No, I don't mean in the slushy Mills & Boon way. Just making you feel loved. Roger, my current boyfriend, is like that. We met when I was temping in his accounts office. Now, being a big girl – I take a 36D bra – I've got used to all the old jokes. If the staff weren't making obvious remarks about "large assets", they were getting drunk at lunchtime and trying to grab hold of them. I don't mind a bit of fun, but you get a bit fed-up when a man's idea of subtle seduction is grabbing your boobs and shouting, "Bet they'd get the wax out of your ears, eh lads!" and then wondering why I didn't want to go to bed with him.

'Roger was the exact opposite. He was shy, really nervous, and had obviously taken ages plucking up courage to ask me out. When I agreed, he was elated. Then he started frantically apologising, saying he hoped I didn't think he was the sort who always tried to get off with his secretary. As if he could! Anyway, that night we agreed to meet in the pub. I went home first and changed into what I thought was one of my sexiest outfits – straight skirt, high heels and thin white blouse – but by the end of the evening all he'd done was talk about our stock check. We went our separate ways, and for the first time I set off home feeling frustrated. I dreamed about him that night.

'The next time we went out was much the same, except he complimented me on my silk dress, but still there was no suggestion of him fancying me. Then we went out a third time. After a very pleasant meal, we hailed a cab back to the station. After a long pause he said, "Wendy, there's something I've been meaning to ask you." His eyes were staring into mine. "Yes, Roger?" "Can I give you a kiss?" It

was such a surprise, I might even have blushed. When I said yes I couldn't believe it. It lasted about three seconds, and I was hot and tingling all over. I just pulled him towards me and kissed him hard. Our tongues wrestled and his arms slid around my waist. It was fantastic! We broke off after what seemed an hour when the cabby discreetly pointed out that we'd arrived at Waterloo. I got out. As I walked to the platform, I realised my knickers were all wet and sticky. I had to whip them off in the ladies' and travel home without!'

'It wasn't as if I was a sweet young thing who hadn't been kissed before. I've gone home with my lipstick halfway up my cheek and my bra in tatters, but nothing had turned me on so much as this. I realise now that it was not the kiss itself but the build-up, the feeling that I was important to Roger and not just another conquest. Every girl likes to be flattered and that's the ultimate flattery, I suppose. Now, of course, I've had sex with him many times, but he's still just as considerate. I used to regard it in pleasure terms as the athletic equivalent of a swift lager before the pubs shut. Now, it's Bollinger, caviar, the works. It even beats a hot bath and the late-night film!

'In short, my motto for girls everywhere who want to be driven wild with desire is, "Don't get rude without being wooed!"'

This does present a problem to us blokes, though. Just how far does one go on a first date... in terms of chivalry, that is?

'I used to pride myself on being a good old-fashioned lover boy,' said Gerald, a tall slim advertising executive from Putney. 'But I soon found it's not as easy as it seems. For example, if you buy flowers for her on the first date, you have to buy better flowers on the second, and so on. By the time it's a special occasion, you're giving her a majority shareholding in Interflora! So whatever you do, don't start something you can't keep up, or improve upon. If you climb the highest mountain, swim the widest sea and buy her a Mercedes first night out, you're buggered on the second! Stick to small gestures like single roses and small boxes of her favourite chocolates to start with.'

Wendy agrees. It's not the size of the gesture, it's the gesture itself that's important.

'There's nothing worse,' she maintains, 'than agreeing to met a guy after work and he shows up in the same suit he wore in the office, smelling of stale cigarettes with food stains on his tie. A girl likes to feel she's worth making an effort for. Dress up a bit. Make her feel you want to go out with her, that you're not just fitting her into your crowded schedule.'

But don't be disheartened if you're the sort that nature has made naturally unromantic. If like me you're the man who buys a huge bunch of flowers only to have the heads chopped off by the tube doors or fill her house with chocolates only to discover she's a secret diabetic, you too could drive a woman into a sexual frenzy. Forget the Gucci shoes and silk cravat, and opt instead for giant boots and a revolving bow tie!

'Smoothies? Yuk, I hate them!' replied Rose, a bubbly brunette nursing sister from Leicester, when I suggested that the way to a girl's knickers was through her heart. 'I've had more than my share of those guys who think you'll stay after coffee for a box of After Eights. Some girls like that sort of thing, but it has to be genuine, and very few guys are. What turns me on? A man who makes me laugh. Look at any of those polls in women's magazines about what they like in a man and it's always the same. In third place, honesty; in second, a nice bum; and first, a sense of humour! I for one couldn't agree more.'

Perhaps that's because Terry, Rose's boyfriend, was in no position to help her on with her coat or hold doors open for her when they met six months ago. He was in traction with both legs and one arm encased in plaster.

'My nurses had him down as a troublemaker,' Rose recalled. 'He was always irritable and refusing to do what they wanted. It was my job to sort him out! So, I first went over to him determined to be as stiff and starchy as my uniform. However, when we talked it was obvious what was wrong. He was an active guy used to filling every second of his day, and here he was stuck in hospital unable to move. Far from being angry, he was very amusing. He had a wonderful way with words, and his description of the frustration of having to have his food cut up for him like a baby when six weeks ago he was humping crates of beer off his truck had me giggling away – which was unfortunate because I was supposed to be telling him off!

'Apart from being very funny, there was something else about him – a mischievous gleam in his eye that really turned me on. Over the next couple of weeks I got to know him really well, and though it's strictly against the code of conduct, I desperately wanted to go out with him as soon as he was better. Mind you, I could have killed him one morning. He made me have a pantie accident!

'I was accompanying Dr Marsh (name amended) on his rounds when we came to Terry's bed. I have to be very formal on these occasions, and play it very straight, which with Terry around was never easy. However, when the doctor asked if he had any complaints, it proved impossible. Terry shot me a smile and launched into this diatribe that would have made Les Dawson look happy-go-lucky. "Well," he said, "the food tastes like it's been strained through a sumo wrestler's loincloth, the porridge has bigger lumps than Suzanne Mizzi and the night sister has a face like a half-

It's a racket

DRIVE WOMEN WILD

chewed toffee. Using the bed pans is like trying to crap in a coffee cup, I've peed into more bottles than an Australian lager firm and if I drink any more Lucozade my dick will go orange and I'll beat Daley Thompson in the decathlon..."

'He carried on like this for ages with me trying to keep a straight face. I felt my collar getting tighter and tighter, and then when he described one of the nursing auxiliaries, a large West Indian lady, as "Louis Armstrong in drag" it was too much. I coughed to hide an explosion of laughter and felt a warm trickle in my knickers. Oh God! I was wetting myself!!

'I couldn't run away. There was nothing for it but to stand there feeling my knickers getting damper and damper with the odd drip running down to my stocking tops. Fortunately the uniform was long enough to hide everything except my blushes. Terry finished his speech and winked. Surely he couldn't know what had happened? But my ordeal was far from over. I had to accompany the doctor around eight more beds with my wet pants getting colder and clammier. Even after that, I had a problem. I didn't have a spare pair of panties, so I had to borrow some from the hospital stores, saying it was for a patient!

'Eight weeks after that Terry was ready to leave hospital, but I had no intention of letting him walk out of my life, even on crutches. His smile, twinkling eyes and wicked sense of humour had me hooked, like hundreds of girls before. Oh I had no delusions about his success with women – they all loved him. So, I suggested a celebratory drink after work. Happily he agreed. That night we both got pretty pissed but he still had me spellbound, purely by his sense of humour and his way with words. It can't be his body – he's got a fat bum and a beer gut! Sex followed so naturally there was never any question about it. He's far from being the best lover I've ever had but then I'm probably not his best lay. I know he has other girls occasionally, but it doesn't bother me. That's just sex. What we have is compatibility. He'll always come back to me, and I'll never leave him. In my job, you need a good laugh!'

So what you say and how you say it plays a big part in driving women wild. If it isn't humour, it's seduction of a less subtle form.

'I've had women practically orgasming on the phone.'

That was the proud boast of Neil, a journalist from Bournemouth. He's been blessed with the sort of deep brown voice advertisers use to sell aftershave on television, but he uses it to sell himself.

Has he ever taken it any further than that?

'Errrmm, yes,' he replied reluctantly. 'I once spent hours on the phone describing what I'd do to this young lady who worked for a PR company! It started as a joke. Somebody had told me that she had a penchant for little leather mini-skirts, so I asked if she was wearing one that day. She said she was and went on to tell me she was also in stockings and suspenders. "Oh, those really turn me on," I said. "That gap of white flesh above the dark stocking top, smooth on the lips as you gently kiss it." She didn't seem offended so I carried on. "Imagine coming home after a long day. You sink into an armchair and I help you off with your high heels. Slowly, ever so slowly, I massage your feet, kissing your toes through your stockings..." You'd be amazed how many girls are foot fetishists. "Then I begin to work my way up. Can you feel my warm breath as I kiss your ankles, your calves, all the way to your thighs? Then comes that moment. Lifting your tight leather skirt to reach that milk-white strip. For the first time you feel the moistness of my lips on your bare thigh. Your legs part slightly and I can just reach the smooth warm skin on the inside. Your muscles relax and you shut your eyes as I kiss away the tensions of the day..."

'By the time I'd got that far, all I could hear were soft little moans from the other end of the line. I went on to describe how I'd inch down her panties and then feather her lips with my tongue, asking, "Can you feel it, Sandra?" and always getting "Mmmm. Mmmmm," as a reply. I could imagine her all hot beneath the leather skirt, stroking herself as I talked. After my description of lapping at her fanny with my tongue I then asked her what she wanted me to do next. "Unbutton my blouse. Kiss my nipples," she replied breathlessly. So I went on to describe rolling each one between my lips and stroking it with my tongue until it was bursting with pleasure. She gave a little yelp at that! There was no doubt that she was really worked up by then. She couldn't put the phone down. I would have gone "all the way" but my editor walked in. She must have had a shock. We were just about to make love when suddenly I started talking about typesetting deadlines! I had to ring back and explain. She told me I'd completely ruined her expensive silk knickers...

'But whatever you do, don't go ringing up women on the off chance and talking dirty to them. Most girls will slam the phone down or even report you to the police. You have to build it up slowly. And avoid four-letter words. Most women don't find them sexy. You have to have a pretty large vocabulary to be a good dirty phone caller!'

If on the other hand you don't have Neil's wordpower or your telephone voice is more like Ian Paisley, you should still heed his advice – especially about feet. Because so many men are obsessed with the parts of a girl's anatomy that are hidden, there are often far more readily accessible bits where a simple kiss will drive her wild.

Wendy again:

'It's always the same. Guys go straight for my tits. Okay, even big-

CONT. ON P. 130

TEN WAYS TO DRIVE A WOMAN WILD

1. Good old-fashioned chivalry. A man who helps a girl on with her coat could help her off with her knickers.
2. Unexpected presents. Buy her favourite flowers or chocolates on days besides her birthday.
3. Be careful not to be too lavish early on. Don't swim the widest sea on your first date or you'll be washed up on the second.
4. Don't be a groper. Most women like to be wooed before they're rude.
5. If you're not a shining knight, be a clown. Women love men with a sense of humour, from Dudley Moore to John Cleese.
6. Try perfecting your phone technique. Aural sex gets lots of girls going.
7. Keep away from four-letter words. Most women find them a *!?#ing turn-off.
8. Spot her erogenous zone. Often it's more accessible than you think (neck, ears, feet, for example).
9. When you finally get her to the bedroom, remember lots of foreplay. Do something for her and she'll do something for you.
10. Don't cut your toenails in bed. That drove my last girlfriend so wild she threw the table-lamp at me.

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SUPER SEX SHOOTER

David Long, the wildest man in the West, goes gunning down the road faster than a speeding bullet in the new Colt GTi-16V.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIGHT & LINE

Looking not unlike a well-furnished Group C racer, and allegedly user friendly enough to cope with a spot of (albeit somewhat rapid) everyday motoring, Mitsubishi's big news this year was the dome-topped, super-swoopy and astonishingly futuristic HSR Advanced Research Vehicle. It popped up at various motorshows, stole its allotted portion of the limelight (bravely battling against the likes of the new Aston, Jaguar XJ220, Peugeot Oxia and BMW Z1) but then failed to make it onto the Press Fleet and instead went home to the Orient.

Offically the Press Fleet exists to give motoring hacks such as myself an opportunity to try out all that's new and shiny in the world of grown-up toys, but unoffically it's what saves us the bother of having to go out and actually buy a car of our own. The HSR's absence from said fleet was a great pity, for it meant that when I asked they simply refused to let me have a go.

In its place they offered the new Colt GTi-16V, their own entry in the hot-hatch play-off. While lacking the 200mph oomph of the HSR, it has something the Domed One will never have: a price tag. Mitsubishi are calling it the Lesser Spotted GTi, a clever way of saying why buy a Golf or Peugeot GTi when everyone else has already got one? Good point too, though whoever thought a small Japanese car would try and clock up rarity value? No one can pretend that the French and German offerings are anything short of excellent, but neither can one fail to notice that they're not exactly rare these days. If the GTi-16V measures up it could find itself scoring considerable cool points for exclusivity.

The Colt, somewhat cheaper to build than the billion-Yen HSR, costs justs over £10,000 and the price includes literally everything except metallic paint (yours for another 125 notes). The only missing feature is four wheel drive, but then in this format only Mazda, Lancia and VW are currently offering that – and then at a price considerably in excess of 10 big ones.

E710 NF

SUPER SEX SHOOTER

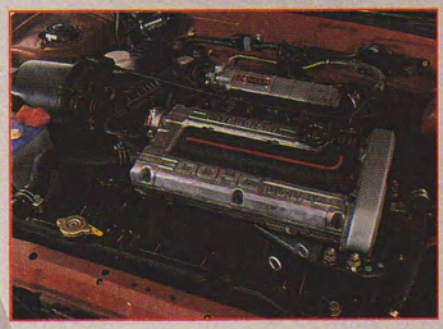
Above: Filly and Colt
Above right: Superior interior

Gleam in...

...her thighs

Colt's horsepower

Bodily it is a veritable smoothie. With flush glass, smooth bumpers, sleek contours and soft and subtle colour-coded bumps and bulges it is the most modern looking of the hatches. It is, say the makers, a unique triumph of form and function, largely due to the designers' ability to combine traditional modelling and handcrafting techniques and skills with the most up to date computer aided design. Despite the rounded contours, the styling is crisp and purposeful, the deep front spoiler aiding high speed stability while the small 'lip' above the rear screen does as much for the car's visual appeal as it does for its aerodynamics. But for the slant-eyed front indicators it looks every inch a European.



That said, it has all the nice little touches we have come to expect from the Japanese. The interior is particularly well equipped with large clear analogue instruments and a mass of subsidiary switches positioned to ensure that they can be readily operated without the need to remove one's hands from the wheel. Twin arrays of lights give instant and adequate warning should a fault develop, but knowing the Japanese one probably won't.

Those nice touches include a 'secret' valuables compartment (I'll leave you to find that yourself, if you don't mind), a small padded compartment by the driver's right knee specially designed for a pair of sunglasses and a one-touch 'auto' switch in addition to the normal electric window controls which allows the driver to lower the window all the way without having to keep a finger on the button while the window does its stuff. The tailgate and fuel cap can be opened from the driver's seat and the rear seatbelts – which, let's face it, are so rarely used – clip neatly out of the way when not needed. It's a clever package with excellent detailing. Mitsubishi have evidently looked long and hard at the competition before launching their own contender.

The heart of any hottish motor is, of course, the engine. In recent years small engines have got more and more sophisticated, moving into multi-valve technology (following the big bike manufacturers' lead), lightweight alloy construction, higher rev ranges, dual cams and a variety of other high tech goodies designed to squeeze ever more power from ever small units. The GTi-16V has the sort of specification we have come to expect from this sector of the market, and reading down the spec list one is left in no doubt that the car is going to offer an exciting ride to anyone who gets behind the wheel.

The 1596cc unit, a straight four of course, puts out 124bhp at 6500rpm (and redlines at 7000) which gives it a top speed just a touch over 120mph. It has twin overhead camshafts and Mitsubishi's own ECI-MULTI fuel injection system. The latter, a computer-controlled fuel management package, monitors the fuel air mix in each cylinder and varies it according to the demands made on the engine. Fairly standard stuff in today's showrooms, but this is the kind of kit which only 10 years ago sounded like pure Buck Rogers. Transversely fitted, the engine

SHOOTER

is a very compact installation, benefitting in no small way from some smart alloy castings on the top.

This is, they say, engineering to give you the edge. And to give you the edge those 124 horses are transmitted to the road by way of a five speed gearbox with a slick change and sports ratios devised to optimise the benefits of what is, after all, a high revving little engine. Front suspension is by MacPherson struts with an anti-roll bar fitted as standard. Frequency dependent shock absorbers moderate the damping effect depending on road conditions. Control of this is automatic; you drive, the car copes. At the rear Mitsubishi have employed their traditional triple-link torsion axle, again with coil springs, and with some anti-lift geometries thrown in for fun. The latter gives excellent stability under conditions of rapid acceleration and hard braking, both of which tend to crop up with some regularity when one is driving the CTi-16V. Braking, which is by discs all round (ventilated at the front), is power assisted, as is the steering. The latter in particular is most welcome; even small cars can be heavy at parking speeds. Most manufacturers have now dealt satisfactorily with the old problems of 'feel' associated with power steering, and certainly the GTi is reassuringly positive at all speeds. The wheels, smart alloys to distinguish this top of the line model from its humbler sisters, are shod with low profile Dunlop SP Sport D8s.

The front seats are excellent – adjustable, firm and supportive – and give a driving position that is comfortable enough for long journeys and well-placed for a bit of spirited sporty driving. The pedals are well-placed, and like most Japanese cars a foot rest is supplied for the clutch foot. The latter sounds like little more than nothing, but is actually very welcome on long motorway drives when the clutch is rarely needed.

Acceleration is brisk – 0-60 in just over 8½ seconds – with the sprung single-plate clutch making light work of the gear changing. Ideal for the cut and thrust of inner-city motoring. The Colt is a lively car around town, its small dimensions and free-revving engine making it particularly suitable for nipping in and out of traffic. Its size and power-assisted steering also make parking a piece of cake.

On the motorway, while one is unlikely to make frequent use of its 122mph capabilities (honest, officer), the car copes well with the demands made on it. Small engines are fairly noisy at speed, but the levels experienced in the Colt are no worse than one would expect from a 1.6 and certainly aren't aggravated by excessive wind noise. It'll happily eat up the miles on a long run, even though you may have to crank up the Philips hi-fi a bit to hear those lows.

Find a country road for chucking a car around on, and the Colt proves to be an excellent plaything. The suspension absorbs the worst of the bumps while still giving a positive and firm ride, and those 195/60R14 D8s are grippy enough to make the most of the sharp handling one experiences on tight bends. Like all good front-wheel drive cars, the handling is safe and predictable; you'd have to be a complete turkey to lose the Colt on a bend. But behave yourself and it could reward you with many miles of exciting driving. Mitsubishi include an excellent warranty which includes three years unlimited mileage and six years anti-corrosion: an impressive warranty for an impressive little performer.

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HOTTEST HOLIDAY GUIDE

Hugh Laver draws on his invaluable instinct for global groping and gives the facts on the randiest resorts around.

The Beach Boys weren't that far off the mark with their 'two girls for every boy' jump-into-the--Deuce-Coupe-and-cruise-down-to-the-surfin'-party philosophy, except that they wanted all the world's crumpet shipped off to California. Nice and sunny, but not much use to those of us stuck in the UK. In principle, though, I can see what they were getting at. The world is full of beautiful women; why can't they all live locally?

Given, alas, that this state of affairs is unlikely to alter, one is forced to make a move. If the action won't come to you, you have to go to it. This means, of course, throwing a few togs into a bag, grabbing a copy of the latest holiday brochures and international airlines timetables, and leaping on the first available flight out of Heathrow airport.

Too bad if the first flight is a wheezing and antiquated Aeroflot prop job bound for Moscow. Rarely fatal, Aeroflot is nevertheless an experience and you'd need some time to recover from your four hours spent aboard the airborne equivalent of a Citroen 2CV. Once recovered, you'd find yourself looking around at Moscow and wondering why anyone hellbent on a bit of fun would come here. If exiled to the USSR even Casanova would have taken a vow of chastity. Of one thing you can be sure: after Moscow, anywhere would surely be an improvement.

Better try Paris – the perfect antidote to frozen Moscow. From the depths of the Metro to the highest point of the Eiffel Tower, Paris has a reputation: for romance if you believe the brochures, and for sex if you believe your eyes. A city of street artists and pavement cafés, it is one of the few places in the world where you can sit still and let life

HOTTEST HOLIDAY

come to you. Ten minutes on a street corner and you'll quickly understand what the French mean when they talk about joie de vivre. Paris buzzes night and day; always crowded but never claustrophobic, it is the most sociable city in the world (even the men hold hands!). While the rest of France seems peopled by peasants, Parisians exude sophistication. Well-dressed, elegant and arrogant, the girls are just as you imagine. Even with their clothes on they are sexier than their stripped-off nipple-browning summer cousins in St Trop. 'In France they kiss on main street', barely bothering to duck into a doorway, and if they want anything more – well, there's always Monsieur Eiffel's big gift to the city. He'd hardly approve, but Parisians know that if they want to join the Mile High Club they don't need to board a plane. Just make sure you keep your strength up for the long walk down.

Like the French, Italian girls are special. Dark eyed and wicked with their teasing, they are often to be seen at the centre of a cluster of young men. Like bees around a honeypot, the men flock around pretty girls, anxious to steal at least a kiss before time takes its toll and yet another stunning Italian turns into a fat-but-no-fun pasta mama. Precisely what happens to Italian women at the age of thirty is still a mystery. All you can be sure of is that you have to catch them young. Happily, even in Rome – ancient and holy capital of the Catholic church – the habits owe more to the sybaritic and hedonistic Caesars than they do to the Pope. Life here has survived 2,000 years of hardline Christianity and if you catch a girl's eye before the evening's out you'll be rewarded. A favourite hangout for Rome's young lovers is the ruins of the Coliseum. Offering hundreds of dark and private passages, it is well suited to the modern entertainments which have replaced the gladiators of old. Spend half an hour down there and you'll understand why Nero didn't stop fiddling just because a few villas were on fire.

If a paradise island is what you seek, and you can't afford the Caribbean, Tenerife could be just the ticket. Paradise here means sun, sea, sand and sex. This small island off the coast of the Western Sahara has got the lot. The sun and sand speak for themselves, the sea is the entire Atlantic, and the sex is everywhere. And that's hardly surprising when you consider just who most of the 'islanders' are. Ever popular with the Club 18-30 brigade, Tenerife offers easy entertainment. But if you're after the exotic, you may as well forget it. The fact is you're more likely to end up with a horny, half-naked cave-dwelling girl from Luton Airport than from Santa Cruz.

Not many Brits in Tokyo, but it too offers plenty of entertainment if you can afford it. That's not to say that all the sex there is for sale (although a lot of it is), just that life in Japan is crushingly expensive. A cab from the airport will cost you £100, as will a tiny plate of even tinier sushi, and even the smallest apartment will cost millions of yen. That said, the excitement of the East is considerable. The neons of Roppongi remind one of Piccadilly, and while that's the only similarity, here is the place to find out whether all those rumours about Oriental girls are true. Are they really trained from birth? Do they really know the seven routes to heaven? What does it feel like when one of them walks up your spine? And what exactly is that little wooden milking stool with the big groove all about? (their fascination with cleanliness and hygiene has given rise to some bizarre pieces of furniture!). If you like your girls exotic, Tokyo could be the place for you. Start saving right away.

No less exotic is the island of Penang in Malaysia. This is where smart tourists go in an attempt to get for nothing what you have to pay for in Bangkok. And once again it's the fascination with the exotic East that draws them there. That and a belief that massage is virtually a religion out there. Looking around, it's hard to avoid the conclusion that Penang is where Singapore Airlines get their girls. Petite, dark and quiet, they contrast strongly with the loud and lively English girls who make it to Tenerife. Their cool brown eyes are inviting, and those small slim bodies intriguing to say the least. But like so many other wild, exotic creatures they are shy. One just knows that if you make a clumsy approach you'll get nowhere. It's a question of balance – and after a few Eastern cocktails and punches you'll probably find yourself losing yours. Good, eh?

You might have rather more luck back in Beach Boys land. American girls, especially Californians, are rarely shy. Indeed, compared to the Malaysians they seem positively grasping. It may be too late in the day to equip yourself with a Thunderbird or a three-window Deuce Coupe but if you've got a good set of wheels you can't go wrong when you're on the West Coast. And if there's anything the Yanks like more than a decent car it's an English accent. Resist the temptation to slip into their lazy Californian drawl and you can have a great time. Californian girls are smooth and smart, and strong and assertive, but faced with an English accent (and remember, to them we all sound 'posh') they go to pieces. If you want to know what's meant by the American dream just make sure they go to pieces all over you.

Still in the Americas, but rather further south, Rio de Janeiro is another place that has no difficulty keeping up with its reputation. A place for lively excitement, it's at its best at carnival time. And carnival time in Rio makes Notting Hill's effort look like a wake for a man nobody knew. Everything comes alive for days and nights on end, and if you don't get lucky you can only blame yourself. Everybody here wants to party – all you have to do is make sure you're the life and soul. If you want to be in the right place at the right time, carnival time in the hot city of old Rio is precisely that.

The last essential trip has to be to northern Europe, to Scandinavia. With a cool climate, Scandinavia is nevertheless something of a hot spot. Think of Sweden and what do you think of? Forget Abba and Volvo, and it's au pairs and erotica. Let's face it, the Swedes virtually invented sex, didn't they? If life in California looks like a TV show, life here looks more like a blue movie. Every cinema in Scandinavia seems to be showing triple-X features, the TV channels are full of them, and every girl – tall, blonde, cool and leggy – looks like the star from Starkers in the Snow. Walking down the street, it's hard not to believe that they're just waiting to rip off your clothes. And if you're lucky, they just might be.

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Surname _____

Address _____

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Occupation _____

Religion _____

2 Tick ✓ which characteristics best describe you.

3 Tick ✓ those activities you enjoy, put a ✗ against those you dislike, and leave blank those where you have no preference.

ARE YOU:		DO YOU ENJOY:			
Warmhearted	☐	Wine bars/Eating out	☐	Jazz/Folk music	☐
Serious	☐	Pubs	☐	Classical music	☐
Considerate	☐	Sports/Keep Fit	☐	Theatre/Arts	☐
Shy	☐	Politics/History	☐	Watching TV	☐
Romantic	☐	Reading	☐	Smoking	☐
Fashion conscious	☐	Travelling	☐	Drinking	☐
Practical	☐	Science/Technology	☐	Being with children	☐
Conventional	☐	Cinema	☐	Homemaking	☐
Reliable	☐	Pets/Animals	☐	Gardening	☐
Adventurous	☐	Pop/Rock music	☐	Countryside	☐

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST AND MOST SUCCESSFUL AGENCY

LINZI'S DIARY

18. Naked New Year

Linzi gets stuffed over the holidays and makes some randy resolutions.

Hi there, you leery lot, it's your naughty nudie Editor welcoming you to Penthouse in 1989. I'd like to wish each and every one of you a happy and sexually exciting New Year. I trust you all had a good Christmas; mine went with a bang as usual!

It's almost time for me to struggle back into my knickers and posh business suit. But before I do, I must compile my New Year's resolutions for the forthcoming year. Usually I make a long list of really tough resolutions, then have a terrific time breaking them one by one! This year will be no exception, as I've decided to make my resolutions as raunchy as possible so that I can have even more fun sticking to them!

The first of my New Year's resolutions is something that you'll all be delighted about, and that is to maintain Penthouse as the classiest, sexiest men's magazine around. To enable me to do that, I must undoubtedly keep on flashing my golden puss in all its glory, and keep up the constant flow of sexy young girls exhibiting their delicious pussies too! I'm pretty chuffed that I managed that one throughout 1988 and you can rely on me to keep you hard at it throughout 1989!

Speaking of 'hard at it', that's exactly what I've been over the party season. I've been over-indulging in every area, not only whilst my legs have been spread! You know what it's like when you get a week or two off, you go completely crazy. As well as satisfying my naughty sexual urges, I've been stuffing myself with Christmas pud, tons of choccies, and of course, the odd tipple. It's not that I've actually

gained any weight – my waistline is still a slender 22 inches – it's just that after all that indulgence I feel I need a good workout to keep my nude form in tip-top condition. So no more cream cakes to delve my tongue into, I'll put my naughty but nice lips to work elsewhere. I know it will do me no end of good, not to mention that with a few exercises under my belt I'm sure I'd be even more accommodating in bed!

To test my theory, my second New Year's resolution is to get really fit. One of my girlfriends, Elisha (you may recognise her as the blonde half of the beautiful Beastie Girls), has her very own keep-fit room in her house. So I called her up and asked if I could pop round, to get down to some action. Being the obliging girlfriend that she is, she readily agreed and we decided to make a day of it. What a day that was!

To get us in the mood for fitness, we slipped into some tiny, tight leotards and went to work. First I tackled her rowing machine. Ten minutes of hard pumping action and I felt like I'd won the Oxford vs Cambridge boat race and I was sweating all over. Elisha kindly helped me wriggle out of my skimpy leotard and showed me a few tricks with her weights while I was recovering. She got pretty hot and sweaty as well, so I persuaded her to 'get 'em off'. She really didn't need much persuading! We then went through a series of strenuous floor exercises, bending and stretching our bodies to the full, doing press-ups, sit-ups and sticking our arses right out and touching our toes. After a good session of that even our tiny G-string panties were soaking, so naturally we helped each other remove those!

At this point we decided to have a little breather, so we lay back on the carpeted floor completely starkers and soothed each other's aching body. Don't get dirty ideas, fellas! As if I'd stop my exercises to satisfy my carnal lust! All I'll reveal is that I showed Elisha some very therapeutic tongue exercises!

Anyway, after about an hour or so of relaxation, massage and other delightful activities, Elisha and I concentrated on working out once again. This time I got down to some serious skipping and then tackled her Bullworker. Actually the Bullworker got the better of me. I nearly had one hell of a nasty accident while stretching it wide across my titties. Never fear, fellas, my bouncing boobies are both safe and looking particularly perky after my wrestle with the Bullworker.

Now to put plan B of my theory into action. I had a date that night, so I thanked Elisha for her delicious hospitality, showered my sticky hot body,

applied a little glossy red lipstick, slipped into a posh frock and set off to meet my date for the evening, wondering if my glowing body would turn him on even more. We had planned to go to dinner, but as soon as I arrived at his apartment I began to feel hunger pangs of a different kind. My lover has got one of those video entry phones and when I arrived inside the mansion block at his door I couldn't resist playing up to it. I slid the shoulders of my tight red dress down over my tits and started talking dirty to him.

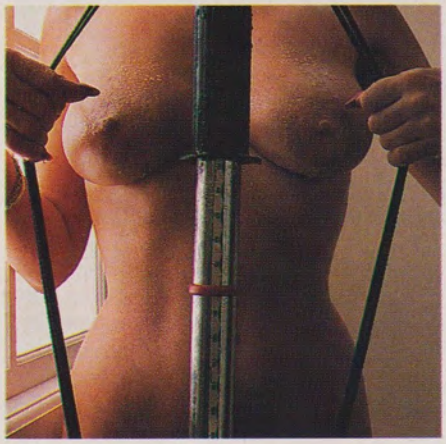
Fingering my swelling nipples I asked, 'How would you like to run your wet tongue all over these?' I got an appreciative groan as a reply, followed by a husky 'Show me more.' Well, as you know, I rarely wear knickers and certainly not when I'm out on a hot date, so I slowly raised my dress and revealed my glistening, golden pussy. I heard his breath quicken as I started to rub my hands over my pubes, slipping one finger down towards my slit. 'Would you like to taste me here?' I asked in a whisper, pushing my finger inside me. By this time I was getting quite carried away, as I'm sure my man was. 'Have you got your cock in your hand?' I enquired whilst rubbing my sticky clit up and down. 'Mmm, you bet,' he said. I was just about to ask him the burning question, 'Would you like to ram your thick cock into my hot haven?', when I heard the lift door open. I hurriedly took my fumbling fingers from my wet puss and furiously pressed the buzzer. He must have been too carried away to notice and kept on talking dirty. I had pulled down my frock by the time the lift doors had opened, so was looking reasonably demure (well, as demure as one can look in a red skin-tight dress slashed to the waist!), but my guy was so aroused that he started giving me a running commentary of how he was wanking his cock. Well I don't know what his neighbours must have thought as they hurried by, I was far too embarrassed to turn around and look at them!!

Anyway, that little faux pas with the next-door neighbours didn't put us off our stroke. In fact we had a brilliant night of lust and I'm sure my day-long workout with Elisha contributed to that. After three strenuous, delicious bonks I told him about what the luscious Elisha and I had been up to in her private gym, and he even managed another good stiffy. Proof enough, eh?

Now, trying to drag myself away from thoughts of stiff cocks, I'll reveal more New Year's resolutions. Another one is to spoil myself by getting a portable telephone so that I can be reached at any minute of the day, be it in my car, in a taxi or even while I'm on the job! Just before Christmas a boyfriend of mine very kindly lent me his handy portable phone. It was great

fun when stuck in traffic jams, ringing up boyfriends and talking dirty to them. During one particularly bad hold-up on the M25 I managed to talk four different guys through explosive orgasms. It certainly was a fun way to pass the time between junctions 10 and 13! I've already put this New Year's resolution into action by telephoning my mate Peter of Sutton Cell-Phones, who's promised to give me a wonderful deal on a hand portable providing I give him a naughty phone call every now and then! Can't speak fairer than that now, can you?

Well, I've been waffling on so much with my naughty natterings that I'd better just close with a brief mention of



my other naughty New Year's resolutions. One I'm determined to stick to in the New Year is to tell all these moral majority anti-porn campaigners to shut the f*** up! Not quite in those exact words, obviously!

What else? Oh yes, I resolve to find a way to make condoms more sexy. That could be a tricky one, but with plenty of practice who knows? Remember, safe sex rules for 1989! Whilst practising with numerous condoms I intend to discover lots of new and stimulating sexual partners. I will endeavour to search for all kinds of new, exciting positions to screw oneself senseless, and it goes without saying that you'll hear, in graphic detail, all about Linzi's Kama Sutra for 1989 in this very diary every month! Of course I resove to fulfil all my wildest sexual fantasies, by literally going out and grabbing exactly what I fancy. That's something I always pride myself upon! And my last New Year's resolution is a very serious one. I must put aside a little time to start my first erotic novel, and you, my faithful friends, must resolve to buy it when it finally makes its way to the shops!

Right then, that's all I've got time for. I'd love to tell you about all the naughty parties I attended in the lead-up to Christmas. There's not much room to cram all my action in, but I had a ball at Peter Stringfellow's glitzy birthday party at the Hippodrome, got really raunchy at an Iron Maiden rock concert at Hammersmith (well, you know how I love musicians) and lost my panties at numerous Christmas bashes! On that revealing note, I'm going to love you and leave you. If you fancy dropping me a line to tell me how dirty and debauched your Christmas was, please feel free. So till next time, I'd like to wish you all a wicked and wonderful year and please do keep it hot for me throughout 1989!

Linzi's hand-portable telephone was kindly provided by Sutton Cell-Phones, Manor Way, Rainham, Essex. Telephone (04027) 24406/53487.

Dear Linzi...

Fan mail and fantasy mail to Britain's hottest columnist

Getting On

I am a frustrated 18 year old. I'm a very outgoing person and rather attractive. Although I love going out with girlfriends of my own age, there is a snag – I long to have a sexual relationship with a older woman.

When I go out with my mates to a nightclub, they all think I'm mad. While they are eyeing up young girls, I'm eyeing up an older woman. I switch myself off from their conversation and slowly start to undress her in my mind. Then we find ourselves alone. I reach out and start stroking her lovely firm breasts, then slowly move my hands over the rest of her body, investigating every curve. I then find myself buried in her lovely moist pussy, working my tongue in and out. She pulls me up and unzips my trousers. She takes my aching cock inside her mouth, slowly moving her tongue around my cock tightly. I can't hold back any longer. I shoot my load everywhere and she licks her lips. She then pushes the tip of my red cock to her pussy. I thrust it into her, giving her every inch. After a few minutes we both reach a wild orgasm together. I am writing this with you in mind, Linzi; maybe one day my dream will come true!

Stuart

So you want to be my toy boy, eh? I'm not sure I like being called an older woman, but I remember when I was 18 going out with guys in their late 20s and thinking they were older men, so I'll forgive you, sexy Stuart. Let's hope you find someone mature and really hot at that nightclub of yours soon!

Hot And Greecy

I thought I must write to you to inform you of a fantasy of mine. You are on holiday in a quiet resort in Greece. As you are the kind of girl who likes to get an all-over tan, you decide to be a naturist for a week. Just by coincidence I am on that deserted beach that you are on. The sight of you on the beach baring all starts my head pounding. You are asleep in the sun and haven't realised that you are being watched by an admirer. I move in close to get a better view because I'm a randy bastard. I move right in front of you and to my satisfaction I am rewarded with a full view of your golden pussy. Now you have seen me, but to my surprise you don't mind, and as an extra special treat you open your legs wider and extend your vagina lips so that I can see the whole of your honey pot.

You see that by now my penis is bulging to get out of my trunks, so you help it out and whisper to me that you haven't had a good shafting in weeks. Quickly I put you out of your misery and

thrust my hard erect penis into that golden lovebox of yours. I begin to ride you long and hard and you respond by wrapping your legs around my waist to achieve full penetration. My thrusting begins to get deeper and faster inside you until we finally climax together. To put me out of my misery, Linzi, and while I wait for it to come true, could you send me some pics of you displaying that golden pussy of yours. Also, is there any chance that you might do a photo shoot with your golden pussy hairs shaved off? Come on, let's see you with a shaven haven!

Paul

I loved your fantasy, but I thought the bit when I said, 'I haven't had a good shafting for weeks' was a bit far fetched! I have shaved my pussy on several occasions and I might just do it again, so keep your eyes peeled. To put you out of your misery I'm sending you a signed photo. If you fancy something even naughtier, you could join my 'Red Hot Fan Club'.

Wild Man Of The North

Here is a letter from your greatest fan. I just never tire of looking at you. You must be the most perfect shape I've ever seen in a lady. I work offshore in the wilderness, north of the Shetlands, and my only warmth is seeing your pics. Reckon if I ever met you I'd die of shock! Anyway, I hope you don't mind answering a couple of questions; do you drink or smoke and are you married?

John

I hope you're keeping warm and cosy up beyond the Shetlands – and keep away from those sheep!! Of course I don't mind answering some questions. I'm certainly not married, and I don't smoke and never have done. I'm afraid I'm a bit of an anti-smoker. I don't go on about it, but if I'm travelling I always sit in a no-smoking zone. I do drink. I like champagne, white wine, port, sherry and an occasional gin and tonic. I'm not mad keen on spirits. You probably need a few spirits to keep you warm out there in the wilderness! I'm sending you a signed photo to keep you perky!

Down Boy!

You really are the sexiest model ever, especially with your hair up – you look so powerful and dominating. In my fantasy you would wear black high heels, a tight black skirt and a black jacket hanging open to reveal your gorgeous breasts. I would be your naked servant, you could use me as you wished. Perhaps you would treat me as a dog! I could have my own bowl on the kitchen floor. Occasionally you might let me sleep on your bed. You could show me off to your girlfriends and let them stroke me. Then you could admonish me for getting an erection. If ever you were desperate for sex (I know it's hard to imagine, but if...) you could call me in. Make me beg. I'm sure you could train me to be nice to your pussy. Maybe I could lick it dry when it gets wet? You could call me 'Lucky'. I really would be if I ever felt your luscious lips (either pair) around my cock!!

David

Thanks for your kind offer, but I shall have to decline. You know, I always fancied my very own slave, that is until I went to the Sex Maniacs' Ball last year. I had dozens of slaves following me around, kissing my feet and begging to be admonished. I loved it at first but after a couple of hours I got a bit fed up with leading them round on leashes! I quite fancy the idea of having my pussy licked dry every time it gets wet, though. Probably a never-ending task! I'm not sure if my three dogs would appreciate another bowl on the kitchen floor, either!

Roll On A Rolls

Congratulations on being the most horny lady I've ever laid my eyes upon, with your beautiful blonde hair, green eyes, perfectly shaped boobs and lovely smooth legs, not to mention your perfect pussy which has me coming in tons. Let me tell you about my recurring dream of you and Lucy, your chauffeur. You are both wearing only stockings and suspender belts. You call me over and within seconds my trousers are down and my cock is being sucked and tongued by both of your mouths. I eventually erupt and you lick my cream off each other's face and tits. I get between Lucy's legs and begin to tongue her clit. Meanwhile you spread your legs wide and urge me to screw you. This I do and plunge my cock deep into your now very wet pussy. I come inside you and you scream as we come at the same time. As I move over to Lucy, she turns her back and bends over the Rolls. I hold on to her beautiful bum and push my cock into her inch by inch. When I've got my rhythm going, I move my hands and play with her tits. You climb over the other side of the bonnet and put your legs over Lucy's shoulders and her head goes between your legs. In the end, all three of us come at the same time amid loud screams and moans.

Garry

What a lovely, dirty fantasy. I showed your letter to the luscious Lucy and she loved it too. You know, I've had so many letters from randy readers telling me their naughtiest fantasies involving Lucy, that last month I had just had to give you a little bit more. I hope you managed to get hold of a copy of our Festive edition in which Lucy and I got naked and covered ourselves in snow and tinsel. If you did and you have a Christmas fantasy about us, I'd just love to hear it!

Linzi's RED HOT club

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HURRY, BEFORE MY LIPS CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE!!!

Make cheques/postal orders payable to Red Hot Productions

Send to: LINZI DREW, BM BOX 2424
LONDON WC1N 3XX

PORTFOLIO

Poor Kate R. Indulging her obsession with Spiderman comics she'd put her science degree to a strange and terrible use, but everything had gone wrong: instead of web-shooting wrist action and spooky extra-sensory perception, all she got for her pains was a dirty great psychedelic web pattern growing across her back. With the pragmatism so typical of caped crusaders everywhere, Kate sought a secret identity while she worked out her problems. Failing an audition for the mutant of the week section of *Sunday Spurt*, she shrugged off her duds and got her pal Clint Burnett to point his zoom lens in her direction. And lo and behold, here she is in *Portfolio*! You could be next if you're naked and the film doesn't fog, and remember: there's a year's free subscription to *Penthouse* just waiting for the person with their finger on the button.

ENTRY FORM

Name of photographer _____

Address of photographer _____

Telephone number of photographer _____

Name of subject _____ Telephone number of subject _____

I (the subject) _____ of _____

am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry to the Penthouse Pet Portfolio. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Penthouse*. I am 18 years old or over.

Signature of subject _____ Date _____

Send to *Penthouse*, Northern & Shell Building, PO Box 381, Mill Harbour, London E14 9TW

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EROTIC BLUE FANTASIES 0898 100 604
D.I.Y. GIRLS (uncensored) 0898 100 633
GAY GIRLS GET TO IT 0898 100 647
HOT 'N' READY LIPS 0898 100 637
SEX SLAVES 0898 100 644
SUBMISSIVE WOMAN! 0898 100 698
LUSTY LESBIANS 0898 777 645
3 TOGETHER IS FANTASTIC 0898 777 618
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SEX SLAVES	0898 777 617
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SWEET VICKYS FIRST TIME	0898 777 651
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PHONE THE TEENAGE TEASER	0898 100 669
SARAH IS SEXY AND WAITING!	0898 100 664
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PENTHOUSE™

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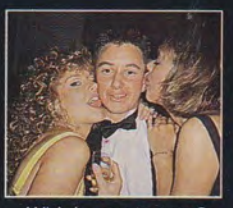
The search is on: once again we're hitting the hot spots with our country-wide quest for new and even more beautiful girls.

Thigh there, Debee!



Which way to turn?

Four for the road

Linzi – blue lady

Bum deal

On the 1st November 1988 *Penthouse* had a great deal to celebrate. Not only was it the due date of the annual *Penthouse* Ball, but it neatly capped off Linzi's first year of editorship *and* we were crowning Debee Ashby as Pet of the Year *and* we were initiating the first in a new series of *Penthouse* Roadshows designed to recruit new models from around the country. Any one of these would have been a good opportunity for a party. Together, they provided the excuse for a piss-up of prodigious proportions.

The evening's festivities took place at Stringfellows and were hosted by Peter Stringfellow himself who took the microphone and introduced Linzi and the *Penthouse* girls with enthusiasm, good-humour and several proposals of matrimony. Addressing himself to the thousand or so guests, Peter urged them to step back to ease the pressure next to the stage. But with Linzi, Debee Ashby, Melanie Jacklin, Nikki Smart, Suzanna Burns, Suzie Coxon, Stephanie Bews and Carolyne Hume cavorting on the dais, the suggestion

Pets Suzanna . . .

. . . and Nikki . . .

. . . and Steph!

Left, right!

Beastie babes

Guests Stacy'n'Andrea

Hell for Jacqui Bell at the ball

Lensman Harry O with Ms Mizzi and Prince's Jackie

Stringfellow strings her a line

Sweet Caroline

Stephanie and Linzi feeling swell

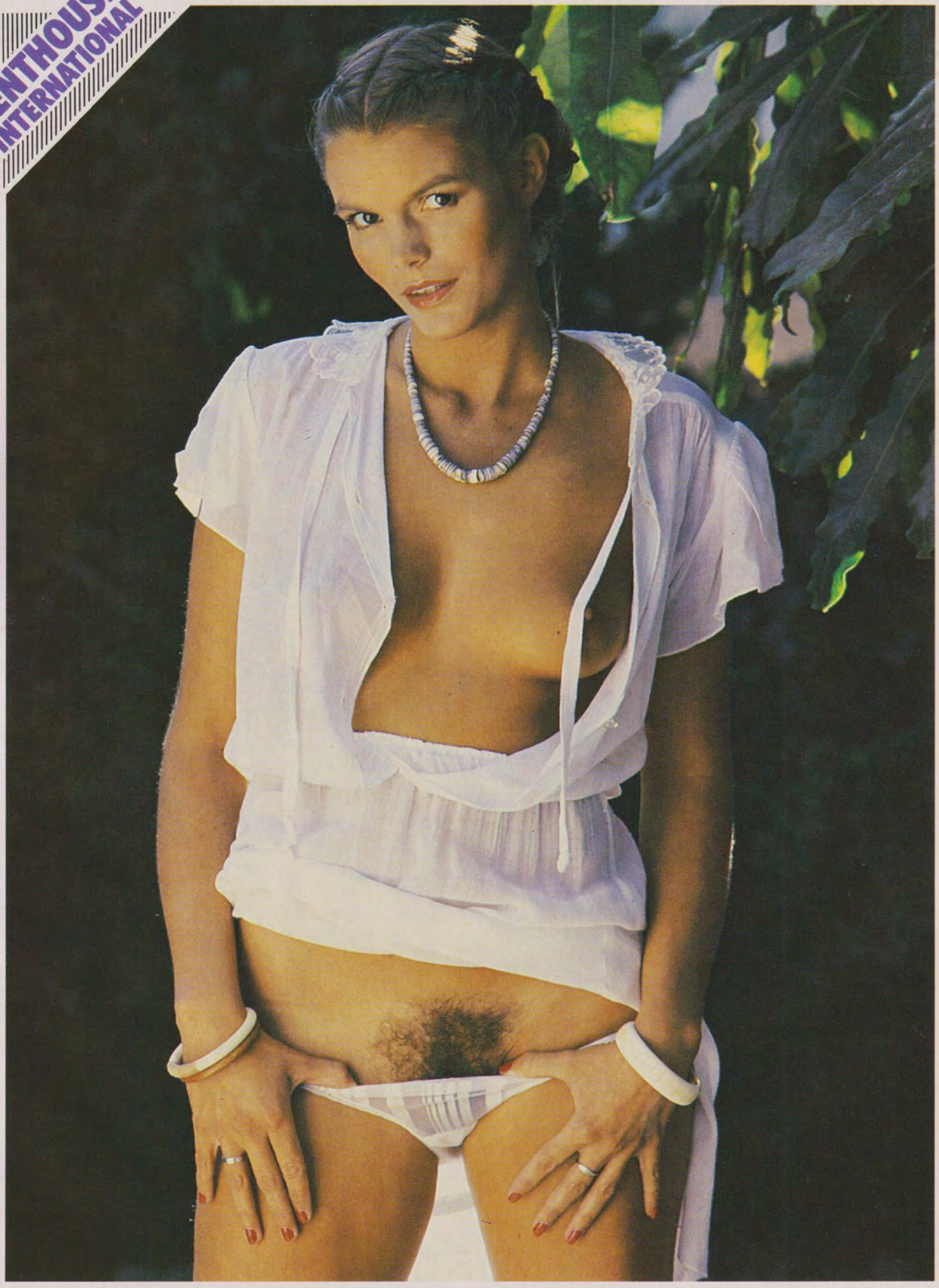
went entirely unheeded.

Melanie, Nikki and the rest, of whom you can see a great deal more in the following pages, appeared as part of the *Penthouse* Roadshow which will be visiting different clubs in all parts of the country (watch this space!). Theme evenings are to be presented under the *Penthouse* banner with the girls encouraged to bring their glamour wear and the guys their cameras. Except in Brighton where it will be the other way round (just joking, guys!). In this way we hope to recruit new and ever more beautiful girls for our pages, and we'll be showing them off in the magazine every month. This in turn will give us contenders for Pet of the Year 1989, and may launch a few young girls as star models with top magazine and newspaper glamour photographers.

As Pet of the Year 1988, Debee received her nomination by post as a result of getting more letters than anyone else through our *Petmail* column. It was not, as some wag suggested, done on chest measurements. Debee was heard to say the Pet of the Year award was the most exciting thing that ever happened to her in a vertical position. She received a crown and sash and also gifts including as much Silver Rose Lingerie as she could eat and a Silhouette Cars replica Lamborghini Countach to drive for the year of her reign. Then everyone kissed everyone according to the best Eric and Julia Morley tradition, and Linzi somehow became separated from the upper part of her dress in the excitement. Cue for music, dancing, and finger-buffet.

Coronation sweets

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL



USA

BETSY

Betsy's favourite hangout is the beach at Malibu. 'I love to wander around naked in the early morning sun,' she tells us. 'I plunge into the surf and masturbate myself into a frenzy. My own right hand is my best friend, you see!'

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALAN WASH

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL

Heaven for Betsy would be a desert island all to herself. 'Then I could bring myself off any time of the day or night without worrying about being seen. I could be nude twenty-four hours a day. Wonderful, yes?' Oh yes, Betsy, oh yes.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL

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COLOR CLIMAX: Take John Holmes' 10" of massive manhood and let Ursula put it where she wants.

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RUBBER RAVERS: An explicit daring special edition for those who like it packed from cover to cover with rubber action.

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PROBE

The series dedicated to thoroughly investigating all aspects of human sexuality and areas of erotica

This month: FEMALE DOMINATION

DOMINATION

Female domination is a strong undercurrent in the private lives of many men. The popular image is usually of some powerful female dressed in extraordinay leather gear and wielding a whip – and this does, of course, happen. But, as we discover, female domination can develop under much less dramatic circumstances and become a strong binding force in a relationship.

Name... Gerry P.
Sex... Male
Age... 35
Other details... Born in East London, son of a butcher; joined his father's business but left to join a friend and start their own business. Rapidly became a successful entrepreneur and now a City high-flier. In 1980 married Sally, a model. They live in a massive house originally built for a rock star in the '60s.

Probe: Gerry – you agreed to talk to us about female domination but you also said you didn't feel too easy about doing it. Can you start by telling us why you feel uneasy?

Gerry: Well, it's just not the sort of thing a man finds easy to confess to, is it? Men are supposed to be in charge, in bed and out of it. To say you like being tied up and spanked on the backside with a hairbrush makes you sound like a wimp. Especially someone like me.

Probe: Why you, particularly?

Gerry: Well, just look at me! I'm a big bloke, aren't I? Just over six foot and built to match. It doesn't fit my image. And it doesn't fit my day-to-day image, either. I'm a powerhouse of activity – I run a large company, work 12 hours a day, sometimes more, I'm in charge and everybody knows it.

Probe: So you feel your sexual preferences somehow contradict the way you look and behave?

Gerry: That's right. But they do exist and that's why I find it a bit awkward.

Probe: Okay, let's take it step by step. What were your earliest sexual relationships with women like?

Gerry: Rough and ready, to be honest; in bed, in a doorway, back of a car, you name it. I was always able to pull the birds, and I'd stand no nonsense from them.

Probe: You never started a long-term relationship, then?

Gerry: Not in those days, there was too much going on. Oh, there were one or two steadies as you might say, but nothing special.

Probe: And you were always very much in charge, sexually?

Gerry: Looking back I find this a bit uncomfortable to remember now. Yes, I was in charge – and no great shakes as a lover, I'm starting to think, just fumble around a bit then launch myself on 'em and that was that.

Probe: But you got the girls.

Gerry: Oh, sure. I was good-looking, had cash to flash, went to the best clubs and discos and I had a reputation for having a big... Well, for being well-built in the right department, as they say. Sometimes I wonder if it was me wanting to play the field or whether it was that no girl could cope with me more than twice... Anyway, we won't get into that.

Probe: So the idea of a woman taking an active role and maybe even dominating you never cropped up?

PROBE

Gerry: I'd have thumped anyone who suggested it.
Probe: But you did eventually meet a girl and get married – she obviously wanted more.
Gerry: Ah, yes, but I think I'd changed by the time I met Sally – or maybe she changed me.
Probe: Did she appear to be dominant when you met her?
Gerry: Looking back, yes.
Probe: How did you meet?
Gerry: At a fashion show.
Probe: That doesn't sound like your style.
Gerry: I'd never been to one before. But it's all linked up.
Probe: How do you mean?
Gerry: Well, at that time – it was the mid-70s – a mate and myself were looking around for something we could make a bit of money out of. And we noticed there were all these shops selling weird leather gear and sort of kinky clothes, but they were mostly in the West End. Why not start one on our home ground, we thought? So that's what we did and as a result we started getting invited to fashion shows and such like.
Probe: Were you personally interested in the kinky clothes?
Gerry: Only to the extent of deciding what price tag we could put on them. No, we thought it was all a huge joke, stuff for weirdos and perverts. But we were right to do it; we made a packet and by the time we closed down we had the capital to get into something more serious and lasting.
Probe: So Sally was a model?
Gerry: Yes. Not a photographic model, the sort that parades clothes around at fashion and trade shows. I thought she was the most dazzling girl I'd seen: tall, slim, white-blonde, legs up to her armpits and a really mean look – she could wipe the floor with you with one glance.
Probe: So perhaps there was a basic element of domination in your initial attraction to her?
Gerry: It's easy to say that now – and you're probably right – but it took some time to show. I got to know her and treated her like I'd never bothered to treat a woman before. Didn't try to lay her on the first date, gave her presents, took her out, listened to her moans and complaints. The lot. So we got married.
Probe: And your sex life?
Gerry: At first, very good. I played my usual role as the butch, macho male and shagged the breath out of her every night. But my business interests were expanding. I was on the verge of the big breakthrough. We'd sold the kinky shop and computers were coming in a big, big way. That's where we wanted to be. And the money was rolling in. But my sexual energy seemed to be rolling out.
Probe: What happened?
Gerry: I was working long hours, had lots of pressure, anxiety, the lot. All I wanted to do was sleep and when Sally wanted sex, well, I just couldn't get it up. I wanted to but couldn't. Sal suggested I see a therapist – but that spelled humiliation to me and I refused. She was understanding and caring, but she was getting to the end of her tether. Then one night it happened...
Probe: Go on...
Gerry: We'd been trying to make love and no matter how hard she tried and I tried my cock still lay there like a piece of useless hosepipe. Sally got up and sat across me and started rubbing her quim over my cock, circling and grinding, gripping me with her thighs. I lay back, watching her breasts bounce as she worked, her eyes tight shut. I could feel our hairs crunching together – and nothing happened. Suddenly she stopped, opened her eyes, stared down at me, gritted her teeth in sheer frustration and slapped me hard across the face. First with her open palm on one cheek then with the back of her hand across the other. I gasped, astonished. My instinct was to leap up and belt her one in return but something – I don't know what – stopped me. I just lay there as she thumped the living daylights out of me. And screamed at me, telling me what a bastard I was, how I needed to be taken down a peg or three, brought to my knees and punished for the rotten way I treated her. All the time she was slapping me across the face and shoulders and then suddenly grabbed my nipples betwen the thumb and forefinger of each hand and twisted them viciously. I screamed out in pain. 'I'll teach you! I'll teach you!' she was muttering.

> *She worked every last drop of come out of me*

It was sheer agony but at the same time I got this sneaking feeling that Sal was right. I was a bastard, I did deserve her punishment and suddenly I started to feel – well, comfortable is the best way I can put it. I groaned and whimpered but I didn't do anything to stop her.

Then I think we both realised what was happening at the same time. I gasped and looked up at her. She stopped pulling at my tits and slowly slid herself backwards down my belly until she could feel my ragingly hard cock poking urgently up between her legs. All she had to do was raise herself a little and then settle down firmly on it. She started bouncing up and down, squeezing me hard with her muscles. There were no smiles, no terms of endearment, no loving glances. Her lips remained tightly shut, her eyes hard and narrow as she worked every last drop of come out of me.
Probe: Did you talk about what had happened?
Gerry: Not then, or the following day, actually. It wasn't mentioned. But next night it was clear that Sally had been thinking. She went up to bed first and I followed a few minutes later after checking our alarm systems. When I went into the bedroom she was standing there in a black bra and panties and high heeled shoes – nothing else – with that severe look on her face. I stopped in the doorway, my insides already churning. 'I'm not having a repeat of the last few nights,' she said coldly. 'We learned last night what you need. Get your clothes off and kneel at my feet.' She brought her hand from behind her back and I

saw she was holding what looked like a long flexible cane. I stripped as quickly as I could, just throwing my clothes into a heap, and then I stood in front of her, head bowed, naked and trembling. 'Kneel down and kiss my feet,' she ordered. I did so and as my mouth slid over the shiny leather of her black shoes she delivered a vicious thrash across my bare backside, then another. Then she lifted her foot and pushed my face away, digging the heel into the side of my jaw. 'Put your clothes away, you squalid lout,' she ordered. 'I've no intention of sleeping in a room full of your sweaty stuff.' Quickly I did as she ordered while she stalked silently round me. I folded my briefs and undershirt up and put them on a chair. At once another slash of the whip cut across my buttocks. I knew her mind at once, so I gathered them up, took them into the bathroom and stuffed them in the dirty linen basket and went back, once more standing meekly in front of her.

She took a step back and rested the whip over my shoulder, then slowly dragged the point down over my body, over my nipples, which were still sore from last night, over my belly to my genitals. My cock was heavy and thick, half swollen but not fully hard. She tapped it threateningly and at once it responded, twitching harder. She smiled, but not pleasantly. 'Kneel on the floor. Lie across the bed,' she rapped. I obeyed, conscious of the target my backside was making. 'You are going to treat me like a wife,' she said and thwacked me hard with something flat. 'You are going to treat me like a woman.' Thwack! 'You are not going to treat me like one of your office machines.'

This went on for ten or twelve strokes and I could feel my cock getting really hard, raging for action as it pressed against the bed every time she hit me. Then I heard a clatter as she threw aside whatever she had been using. Later I found it had been nothing more alarming than an ordinary hairbrush! Then I felt her climbing onto the bed and spread her thighs either side of my head while I kept my face buried in the duvet. Then she grabbed a handful of my hair and forced me to raise my face. She edged closer and thrust my head down again, right into her quim, which was lusciously wet and welcoming. She gave instructions – exactly what to do, how to do it, how fast, when to slow down...

It was the most exciting session I'd ever experienced. My backside burned but my cock was rampant and my mouth seemed untiring.

Probe: Did this become a pattern?

Gerry: For quite a while it did. Nothing was said about it outside the bedroom, we carried on as if there had been no change at all in the way we had sex. I left everything to Sally, and over the weeks she became very ingenious with her orders and the methods she used to punish me.

Probe: But you suggest the pattern changed again...

Gerry: For a few months we only had sex after a slave and punishment routine; other nights we'd just go to bed as usual and sleep. But one of these nights off I was feeling randy and I reached out for Sally in the old way and we made slow, beautiful love like in the old days. So now we do both, according to our fancies. But I have to admit that I enjoy and need a severe dose of punishment at least once a month.

Probe: Thank you, Gerry.

Name... Tessa V.
Sex... Female
Age... 23
Other details... Tessa prefers to say nothing about herself in order to 'preserve her mystery' as she puts it. She is a tall, well-built redhead who dresses during the day in severe but very stylish suits and looks like a successful businesswoman.

> *'My backside burned but my cock was rampant and my mouth seemed untiring'*

Probe: Would you describe yourself as a professional dominatrice?

Tessa: If by professional you mean do I take money and service any man who asks and can pay, then your answer is no. But I do take a pride in what I do and I do it well.

Probe: Perhaps you can tell us what it is you do?

Tessa: That depends on the man. Some respond to mental humiliation which means I order them around, set them trivial or impossible tasks, behave impossibly myself, make them grovel and cringe until I decide they deserve their reward which is, of course, my body. Other men like something more physical – whippings, lashings, very delicate and intimate torments. Some like the full domination scene with masks and body harnesses, gloves, heels and spiked belts.

Probe: Bondage?

Tessa: No, that's not part of my scenario. You see, if a man is chained or handcuffed then his humiliation is not complete. He must be free to retaliate or to leave if he likes. When he knows he has that option and still stays – then he is himself *choosing* to be humiliated, and that is the ultimate degradation.

Probe: Sounds complicated.

Tessa: Not at all. Sound common sense.

Probe: Do all men want to be humiliated at some time or another?

Tessa: I don't think so, not so completely anyway. Though I do think a lot of marriages would be more successful if the man let himself be a bit passive and giving some of the time.

Probe: You are still very young. Can you tell us how you started this, er, specialisation? Presumably you get something out of it, too?

Tessa: Yes, I do. Having a big strong guy crouched at my feet half sobbing and begging me to stop and half begging me to go on does turn me on, and after the sessions I'm just as turned on as the guys and we always have fantastic sex. But how did I start? I could give you the traditional psychological profile – brutal father, two older brothers who didn't give a shit about me and never bothered to help when he beat me up. All of that. It's true and a psychologist would make a meal out of it, but you know

when I was in my teens I never made any vow to revenge myself on men or any of that crap. All I wanted was a nice, loving man who would look after me and take care of me.

Probe: And did you find one?

Tessa: For a couple of years, yes, then he went on his way...

Probe: Did that experience sour you at all?

Tessa: I was bitter for a while. But I was young and there were plenty of men around.

Probe: So you don't think there's any link between the way men have treated you and the way you now treat men?

Tessa: Possibly. But it wasn't a deliberate decision on my part. What happened was this. I'd started to have a sexual relationship with a man called Pete. He wasn't too wonderful in bed, but he was good fun to be with. The one thing he would never do was go down on me. Oh, he liked me to suck at him all right, couldn't get enough of that. But return the compliment – no way! And I didn't know how to make him do it. But one night we were chatting generally about sexual kinks and he asked me if I'd ever got into spanking. Well, I never had. The idea didn't turn me on at all, in fact I thought I'd hate it. But as we talked it became obvious that it was *he* who wanted to be spanked – and I thought he was after hitting me! I eventually sussed out that he rather wanted me to, so to cut a long story short, I agreed to try it. Now remember I was quite naive at this time and had to ask him what I should do it with and how to and so on. He said that I should keep my underwear on and my shoes and that he would strip and bend over a chair-back. I privately thought it was a bit of a giggle but I went along with it and started slapping his naked backside with an old slipper. Not hard, just more or less playful slaps, and as I went on I rather enjoyed seeing his white bottom start to turn pink. After a few strokes he asked me to go at him harder, and then harder, so I did. His backside went a bright, inflamed scarlet and I actually started to enjoy myself. Then he said, 'Come on, Tess, you can do better then that!' At which point something snapped. For one thing I hate being called Tess and for another it struck me that he was getting all the fun out of this and all I was getting was a tired arm. So I really belted into him, fast and hard. He writhed and groaned, hanging on to the chair and waggling his butt in the air.

Probe: So the spanking was just part of your relationship with him?

Tessa: For a while. After a few weeks I started to get into it myself. I found I was looking forward to the next one and sometimes I would daydream about other things I could do to him. I got him to lend me a few magazines and I sent off for a few things from a mail order catalogue.

Probe: 'Things'?

Tessa: Black leather underwear, a couple of canes, a tawse and a pair of ludicrously high-heeled shoes. I didn't tell him about this, so when he came round that night I opened the door to him wearing my dressing gown. His eyes lit up, knowing I was ready. He went straight to the bedroom and stripped and bent over the chair as usual. 'Use the slipper tonight,' he said. 'No,' I replied in a stern voice. 'I decide what to use on you, when and how, so just stay there and wait.' He was surprised and looked around. What he saw clearly staggered him. I had put on my new gear – black leather bra and panties, black fishnet stockings, those high-heeled shoes. I'd slicked my hair back and put a black studded mask over my eyes. I stood there, legs apart, idly tapping a long, thin cane against my thigh. He already had a hard-on. 'Stand up and face me,' I ordered. He did so. Slowly I walked round him, looking him up and down with contempt, saying nothing. He bent his head as if in shame, keeping his hands clasped behind his back. Without warning I cracked the cane down on his erection. He yelped and jumped a yard. His erection sagged at once. 'That's better,' I snarled. 'We don't want that *thing* in our way.' Now I want to say that that was the first time I'd ever hit a man there, in that way, and I never have since – it is extremely painful, of course, and some blokes like it. But it is dangerous. There are other, much safer ways of causing a little pain in that area without running any risks.

> *"I stood there, legs apart, idly tapping a long, thin cane against my thigh"*

Probe: What happened next?

Tessa: He stood up and turned round. His cock was hard as iron and swinging out in front of him. He grabbed me by the arm and forced me down on the bed, jumped between my legs, pulled them apart and did what I'd always wanted him to, sucking greedily at me through my knickers. I orgasmed almost at once and that seemed to drive him crazy. He tore my sopping panties off and launched himself on me, driving that huge cock in and out with a sort of fury. It was a great session and started a sort of pattern for future ones.

However, I was getting really into this scene. I raged at him verbally for a while. I moved up close to him, rubbing myself against his naked body. Instinctively his hands came out to hold me. Immediately I stepped back and belted him hard on the wrists. I got him to kneel while I belted his bottom. I made him crawl around the flat, giving him encouraging smacks on the buttocks as he went. He was docile, obedient and servile. It worked on me and if I'd suppressed a desire for revenge on men all those years, then it was certainly coming out with a real vengeance now.

That was my first real attempt to try my skills as a dominatrice. We both enjoyed it very much, but I had a lot to learn and since then I have.

Probe: How do you meet the kind of men who will respond to your special skills?

Tessa: Well, there are clubs and societies which cater for men of that persuasion, but too often they just like the idea of it rather than the actuality. At the first touch of the tawse they squeak and change their minds. So essentially it's by very discreet word of mouth.

Probe: Thank you, Tessa.

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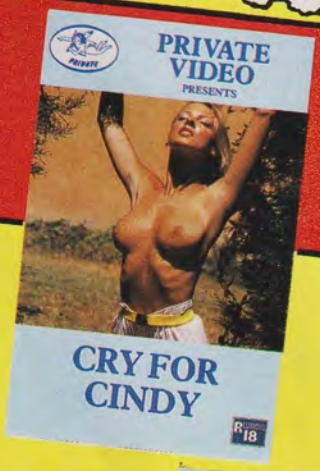

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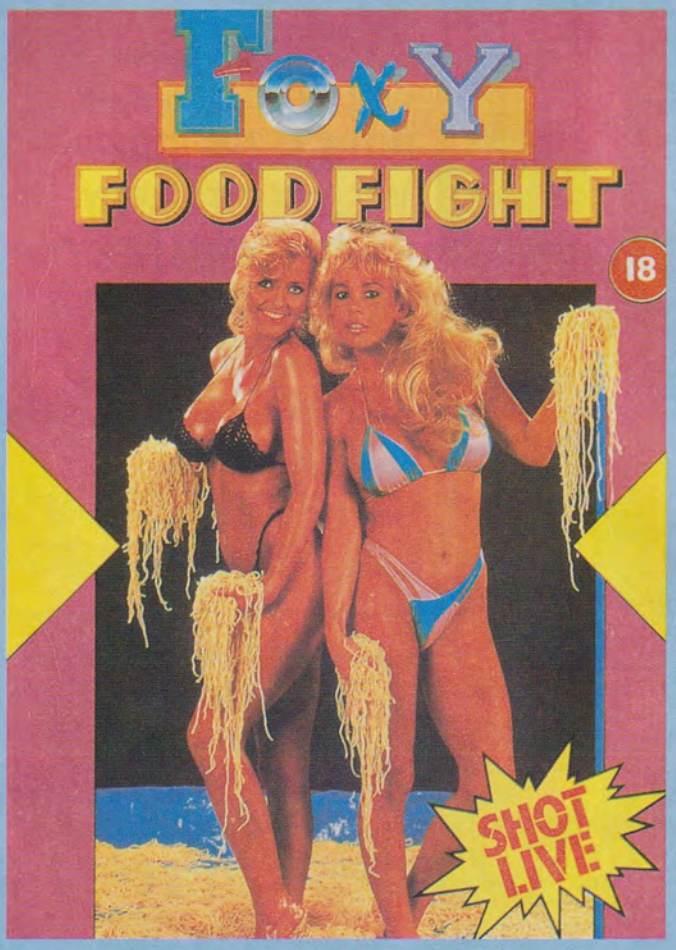
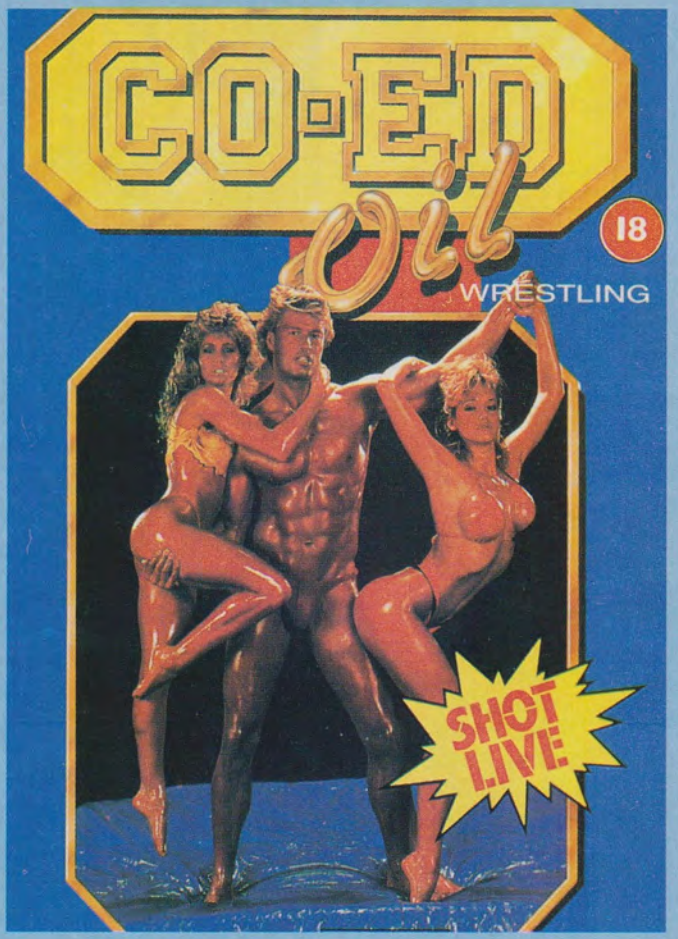




SILICONE VALLEYS

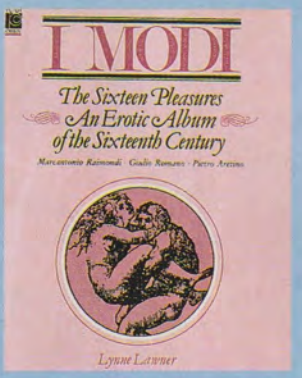
Wanna see tits that defy gravity? Wanna see gratuitous oozing 'n' slithering? Then check out the latest batch of releases on Intervision Video: *Foxy Boxing*, *Gello Rama*, *Co-Ed Oil Wrestling* and *Foxy Food Fight*. The formula is roughly the same for each tape – a couple of pneumatically mouth-watering babes strip down to string bikinis and waggle their tails in the fat faces of the (predominantly male) audience, then indulge in a bout of whatever messy 'sport' is the order of the hour. Repeat until satisfied. Wherein lies the problem. While the best bets are *Foxy Food Fight* ('Hey, these girls are playing hide the carrot!') and *Co-Ed Oil Wrestling* ('He's giving her a good licking out there!'), all the tapes suffer from an insufferable coyness: every time an amazing tit pops loose the lady it's attached to stops the action and hurriedly hides the wonderful thing from view; and the girls look genuinely pissed off whenever a male combatant grabs a naughty bit – cripes, we thought that's what it was all about! Fun as a warm-up to something filthier or for those who lust after enormous gazongas, these messy epics hardly merit their 18 certificates. Oh for a real X-rated version, though...

BIG PECS

Wanna be a Master of the Universe? Pretty boy film star muscleblaster Dolph Lundgren stars in a new video from MSD called *Maximum Potential* about how you can build yourself a better body. It's got bits about warming up, stretching and coping with stress as well as the real oooooaaaaaarrgghh! bits. It costs £8.99 and runs for about 50 minutes – enough to give ambitious flabbies an idea of just how bloody *painful* working out can be if you're out of shape.

ASSUME THE POSITIONS

For those of you into antique porn, *I Modi* (Peter Owen, £19.95) is a must-have item.The original of this saucy effort, which visually and lyrically describes the pleasures of sex, was banned in the 16th century by Pope Clement VII who had the book destroyed. Such things always seem to survive, one way or another, however, and writer Lynne Lawner here presents us with an interesting reconstruction of drawings by the great Raphael's buddy Romano accompanied by the fruity verses of Arentino. An assistant at a major London bookshop recently went berserk upon leafing through the pages of *I Modi* (or 'The Positions', as it translates), and rang publisher Peter Owen with an order to 'get this filth off our shelves!' What further recommendation do you need?



FROSTED COCKS

Slush Puppies for grown-ups! A little trip to the School Dinners restaurant, where the waitresses are gorgeous (hi, Chris, I think I love you!), and the idea didn't seem too silly all of a sudden. Take a measure of frosted cocktail base, add various fruit mixes and loads of alcohol, and in a matter of seconds you've got a whizzo cocktail. No tedious waiting around while the barman does the old St Vitus Dance with the shaker. Couldn't make my mind up if I liked them at first, but after seven or eight – something to do with an extremely attractive waitress who kept forcing them on me, and who am I to refuse an attractive woman? – and a couple of cold beers to get rid of the aftertaste, I decided I didn't care. There's something uniquely appealing about the buzz you get from cocktails! Of course, if you really insist you could drink them without the alcohol, but why not leave the motor at home and get a cab, you boring fart. The bods to thank are Lanikai of Peterborough.

THAT'S THE SPIRIT!

Heathens and ignorant sassenachs need not bother reading this. This is for yer more cultured boozer. Whisky distillers Morrison Bowmore, one of the few family-owned independent distillers, are marketing a gift collection of pure malt whiskies. The three bottles contain the major categories of malt, Lowland, Highland and Islay, and the pack explains the difference between pure malt and blended whisky. And it costs less than a standard bottle of whisky. Happy bloody New Year!

TODAY

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Fret no more! The question is answered: our Pet Of The Year is luscious, pouting Debee Ashby, and she's about to be unveiled in her wildest, horniest *Penthouse* pictorial ever. Get it or regret it!

HOW TO LAST LONGER

Bill Shipton continues his investigation of sexual techniques with a look at staying power – and the lack of same. You'll gasp and shudder with fascination as he reveals the little-known fact that premature ejaculation has been known to occur up to two months before penetration! It's sticky stuff, guys.

SKI BUMS

As the apres-Christmas ski season gets into gear we grab our trusty alpen-stock and zip over to Klosters for a behind-the-scenes romp through the powdery flakes with a brace of ladies and some grope-happy, garrulous slalom instructors. Snow joke!

Stay cool with the next issue of *Penthouse* — on sale 26th January.

Dates and articles are given in good faith but the publishers reserve the right to go off-piste.

DRIVE WOMEN WILD

CONT. FROM P.96

boobed girls like me have sensitive breasts, but there are other parts that get me going much more. Warm breath on my neck, for example...'

'Nibbling my ear...' responded Natalie.

'Sucking my toes...' added Rose with a grin.

You simply cannot expect to drive any woman wild with desire without foreplay. It may be appalling agony for you to spend two minutes chewing an earlobe when you could be using her bush as a pubic face flannel, but it pays dividends in the end.

'If a man starts by concentrating on what I like, I'll do the same for him,' said Natalie. 'If on the other hand he just goes for what turns him on, I feel less inclined to do anything. For example, because Giles nibbles my ears for me, I get sufficiently worked up to give him what he wants...'

Which is?

'Oh, oral sex – blow jobs – he loves them. Before I met him I didn't like doing them. I found them a bit degrading, especially when they squirted in your face. But now, because he does something for me, I'm only too willing to offer him one. In fact, I rather like it. He has a very smooth, rather dainty cock – he won't like me saying that! – and I really enjoy running my tongue along the shaft before taking him between my lips. I've even mastered the old deep throat bit now, so I can take all of him in my mouth. At first I used to just suck him and lick him, then jerk him off. Now I let him come in my mouth as well, and even help clean him up with my tongue. But there's no way I'd do that for a guy who wouldn't do what I wanted first.'

'Of course sex is important,' Rose agrees, 'but whether you can drive a woman wild in bed usually depends on what you do out of it. If it's a girl like me who doesn't take things too seriously, chances are you'll wow her with your sense of humour. Other girls like knights in shining armour. Some even go for bastards – though you'll never get off with anyone if you start out as one! Throw away the sex manuals. Forget talk of G-spots. Getting a girl going is usually a question of appealing to her particular character and making her feel wanted. Do that, and you'll have sex on tap for the rest of your life.'

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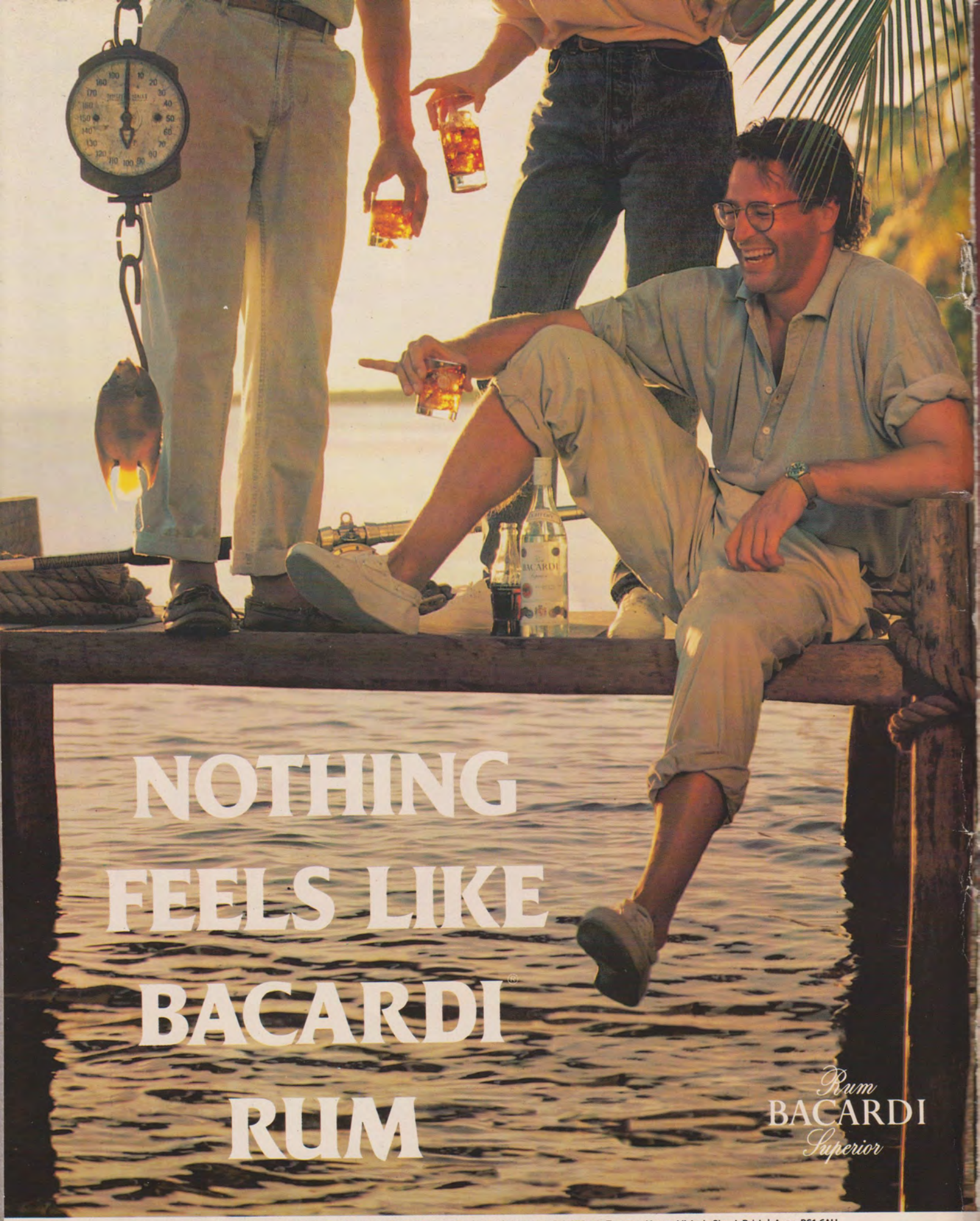

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